

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME LIX.

No. 3591 May 3, 1913

{ FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CCLXXVII

CONTENTS

I. The New Spirit in the Drama. <i>By John Galsworthy.</i>	HIBBERT JOURNAL	259
II. The Christian Drum. <i>By Austin Harrison.</i>	ENGLISH REVIEW	266
III. Color-Blind. Chapter I. <i>By Alice Perrin. (To be Continued.)</i>	TIMES	272
IV. The Painter of Eternal Truths. <i>By John Telford.</i>	LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW	277
V. Turkey's Asiatic Problems. <i>By Herbert Vivian.</i>	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	287
VI. The Loss of the Beloved. <i>By Katharine Tynan.</i>	BRITISH REVIEW	295
VII. The Money King.	NATION	304
VIII. Influenza. <i>By Filson Young.</i>	SATURDAY REVIEW	306
IX. The License of the Cat.	SPECTATOR	309
X. The New American Ambassador.	NATION	311
XI. Wolseley.	SATURDAY REVIEW	314
XII. The Romanoff Tercentenary and Philately. <i>By E. Beresford Chancellor.</i>	OUTLOOK	317
A PAGE OF VERSE.		
XIII. The Song of Elf. <i>By Gilbert K. Chesterton.</i>		258
XIV. Ash-Tree and Hazel	SPECTATOR	258
XV. The Kingfisher. <i>By William H. Davies.</i>		258
BOOKS AND AUTHORS.		319



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,
6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE Co.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

THE SONG OF ELF.

Blue-eyed was Elf the minstrel,
With womanish hair and ring,
Yet heavy was his hand on sword,
Though light upon the string.

And as he stirred the strings of the
harp
To notes but four or five,
The heart of each man moved in him
Like a babe buried alive.

And they felt the land of the folk-songs
Spread southward of the Dane,
And they heard the good Rhine flowing
In the heart of all Allemagne.

They felt the land of the folk-songs,
Where the gifts hang on the tree,
Where the girls give ale at morning
And the tears come easily,

The mighty people, womanlike,
That have pleasure in their pain;
As he sang of Balder beautiful,
Whom the heavens loved in vain.

As he sang of Balder beautiful,
Whom the heavens could not save,
Till the world was like a sea of tears
And every soul a wave.

"There is always a thing forgotten
When all the world goes well;
A thing forgotten, as long ago
When the gods forgot the mistletoe,
And soundless as an arrow of snow
The arrow of anguish fell.

"The thing on the blind side of the
heart,

On the wrong side of the door;
The green plant groweth, menacing
Almighty lovers in the spring;
There is always a forgotten thing,
And love is not secure."

Gilbert K. Chesterton.

ASH-TREE AND HAZEL.

"Pray that your flight be not in wintry
weather."

So has He warned us, tender for all
other;

Yet it was winter when they fled to-
gether,

He and His mother.

"Trees of the woodland, give me now
your fuel,
That warmth and comfort His sweet
life may cherish;
Else in the midnight dark and cold and
cruel
My Son will perish."

Answered the ash, "My branches grow
too greenly,
Less fit to kindle than to quench a
fire;
Yet to give all is not to offer meanly,
Have thy desire."

Answered the hazel, "Though no more
I flourish,
Though leaf and blossom fall the
copse to gladden,
If the world's Saviour thus my death
might nourish,
I should not sadden."

Therefore the hazel bears her catkin
token,
Long ere the chilly winter has de-
parted;
Therefore the ashwood burns when
freshly broken,
Ever warm-hearted.

The Spectator.

THE KINGFISHER.

It was the Rainbow gave thee birth,
And left thee all her lovely hues:
And, as her mother's name was Tears,
So runs it in thy blood to choose
For haunts the lonely pools, and keep
In company with trees that weep.

Go you and, with such glorious hues,
Live with proud Peacocks in green
parks;
On lawns as smooth as shining glass,
Let every feather show its marks;
Get thee on boughs and clap thy wings
Before the windows of proud kings.

Nay, lovely Bird, thou art not vain;
Thou hast no proud, ambitious mind;
I also love a quiet place
That's green, away from all man-
kind;

A lonely pool, and let a tree
Sigh with her bosom over me.

William H. Davies.

THE NEW SPIRIT IN THE DRAMA.

There is a maxim, peculiarly suitable to those who follow any art: "Don't talk about what you do!"

And yet—once in a way—one must clear the mind, and put into words what lies at the back of endeavor.

What then is there lying at the back of any growth or development there may have been of late in our drama?

In my belief, simply an outcrop of Sincerity—of fidelity to mood—to impression—to self. A man here and there has turned up who has imagined something true to what he has really seen and felt, and has projected it across the footlights in such a way as to make other people feel it. This is all that has lately happened on our stage. And if it be growth, it will not be growth in quantity, since there is nothing like sincerity for closing the doors of theatres. For, just consider what sincerity excludes: All care for balance at the author's bank—even when there is no balance. All habit of consulting the expression on the Public's face. All confectioning of French plays. All the convenient practice of adding up your plots on the principle that two and two make five. These it excludes. It includes: Nothing because it pays. Nothing because it makes a sensation. No situations faked. No characters falsified. No fireworks. Only something imagined and put down in a passion of sincerity. What plays, you may say, are left? Well, that is the present development in our drama.

Sincerity in the theatre, and commercial success, are not necessarily, but they are generally, opposed. It is more or less a happy accident when they coincide. This is a grim truth which it is no use—not the slightest use in the world—blinking. Not till the heavens fall will the majority of

the Public demand sincerity. And all that we who care for sincerity can hope for is, that the supply of sincere drama will gradually increase the demand for it—gradually lessen the majority that has no use for that disturbing quality. The burden of this struggle is on the shoulders of us dramatists. It is useless and unworthy for us to complain that the Public will not stand sincerity, that we cannot get sincere plays acted, and so forth. If we have not the backbone to produce what we feel we ought to produce, without regard to what the Public wants, then good-bye to progress of any kind. If we are of the crew who cannot see any good in a fight unless we know it is going to end in victory; if we expect the millennium with every spring—we shall advance nothing. Our job is to set our teeth, do our work in our own way, without thinking much about result, and not at all about reward, except from our own consciences. Those who want sincerity will always be the few, but they may well be more numerous than now; and to increase their number is worth a struggle. That struggle is the much sneered-at, much talked-of, so-called "new" movement in the British drama.

Now it has been the fashion to dub this "new" drama the "serious" drama; the label is deliberately unfortunate, and not particularly true. If Rabelais or Robert Burns appeared again in mortal form and took to writing plays, they would be "new" dramatists with a vengeance—as new as ever Ibsen was; and assuredly they would be sincere; but could they well be called "serious"? Can we call Synge, or St. John Hankin, or Mr. Shaw, or Mr. Barrie serious? Hardly! Yet they are all of this new move-

ment, because they are sincere. The word serious, in fact, has too narrow a significance, and admits a deal of pompous stuff that is not sincere. While the word sincere, though it certainly does not characterize all that is popularly included under the term "new drama," as certainly does characterize (if taken in its true sense of fidelity to self), all that is really new in it, and excludes no mood, no temperament, no form of expression that can pass the test of ringing true. Look, for example, at the work of those two whom we could so ill spare—Synge and St. John Hankin. They were as far apart as dramatists well could be, except that each had found his form—the one a kind of lyric satire, the other a neat, individual sort of comedy, which seemed exactly to express his spirit. Both forms were highly specialized, in a sense artificial, but both were quite sincere; for through them each of these two dramatists, so utterly dissimilar, shaped forth the essence of his broodings and visions of life, with all their essential flavor and peculiar limitations. And that is all one means by—all that one asks of—Sincerity.

Then why make such a fuss about it?

Because it is rare; and an implicit quality of any true work of art, realistic or romantic.

Art is not art unless it is made from what the artist himself has felt and seen, and not what he has been told he ought to feel and see. For art exists not to confirm people in their tastes and prejudices, not to show them what they have seen before, but to present them with a new vision of life. And if drama be an art (which the Great Public denies daily, but a few of us still believe), it must reasonably be expected to present life as each dramatist sees it, and not to express things because they pander to

popular prejudice, or are sensational, or because they pay.

If you want further evidence that the new dramatic movement in this country is marked out by a struggle for sincerity, and by that alone, examine a little the various half-covert oppositions with which it meets.

Why is the commercial manager against it?

Because it is quite naturally his business to cater for the Great Public; and, as before said, the majority of the Public does not, never will, want sincerity; it is too disturbing. The commercial manager will answer: "The Great Public does not dislike sincerity, it only dislikes dullness." Well! Dullness is not an absolute, but a very relative term—a term likely to have a different meaning for a man who knows something about life and art, from that which it has for a man who knows less. And one may remark that if the Great Public's standard of what is really "amusing" is the true one, it is queer that the plays which tickle the Great Public hardly ever last a decade, and the plays which do not tickle them occasionally last for centuries.

Why are so many actor managers against the new drama?

Because their hearts are quite naturally set on such insincere distortions of values as, unfortunately, are necessary to a constant succession of "big" parts for themselves. Sincerity does not necessarily exclude heroic characters, but it does exclude those mock heroics which actor managers have been known to prefer—not to real heroics, perhaps—but to simple and sound studies of character.

Why is the Censorship against it?

Because Censorship is quite naturally the guardian of the ordinary prejudices of sentiment and taste, and quaintly innocent of knowledge that

in
sen
tha
it
arti
cer
ped
S
aga
in
mos
with
odd
so
in
the
fiat.
auth
only
to
sam
wor
as
bit.
wher
auth
next
as
blank
befor
WH
the
By
mean
come
from
comes
positi
cover
self.
aged
into
Holme
Novels.
His
feel
form
by
capabl
what

in any art fidelity of treatment is essential to a theme. Indeed, I am sure that this peculiar office would regard it as fantastic for a poor devil of an artist to want to be faithful or sincere. The demand would appear to it pedantic, extravagant, bad form.

Some say that the Critics are against the new drama. That is not in the main true. The inclination of most critics is to welcome anything with a flavor of its own; it would be odd indeed if it were not so—they get so much of the other food! They are, in general, friends to sincerity. But the trouble with the critic is the *idée fixe*. He has to print his opinion of an author's work, while other men have only to think it; and when it comes to receiving a fresh impression of the same author, his already recorded words are liable to act upon him rather as the eyes of a snake act upon a rabbit. Indeed, it must be very awkward when you have definitely labelled an author this or that to find from his next piece of work that he is the other as well. The critic who can make blank his soul of all that he has said before may indeed exist—in Paradise!

Why is the Greater Public against the new drama?

By the Greater Public I in no sense mean the Public who do not pay income-tax—the Greater Public comes from Mayfair as much as ever it comes from Bermondsey. And its opposition to the "new drama" is neither covert, doubtful, nor conscious of itself. The Greater Public is like an aged friend of mine, who, if you put into his hands anything but *Sherlock Holmes*, *Mr. Dooley*, or *The Waverley Novels*, says: "Oh! that dreadful book!" His taste is excellent, only he does feel that an operation should be performed on all dramatists and novelists, by which they should be rendered incapable of producing anything but what will amuse my aged friend.

The Greater Public, in fact, is either a too well-dined organism that wishes to digest its dinner, or a too hard-worked organism longing for a pleasant dream. I sympathize with the Greater Public! . . .

A friend once said to me: "Champagne has killed the drama." It was half a truth. Champagne is an excellent thing, and must not be disturbed. Plays should not have anything in them which can excite the mind. They should be of a quality to just remove the fumes by eleven o'clock, and make ready the organism for supper at eleven-thirty. As for sincerity—great heavens! Another friend once said to me: "It is the rush and hurry and strenuousness of modern life that is 'doing for' the drama." It was half a truth. Why should not the hard-worked man have his pleasant dream, his detective story, his good laugh? The pity is that sincere drama would often provide as agreeable dreams for the hard-worked man as some of those reveries in which he now indulges, if only he would try it once or twice. That is the trouble—to get him to give it a chance.

The Greater Public will by preference take the lowest article in art that is offered to it. An awkward remark, and, unfortunately, true. But if a better article be substituted, the Greater Public very soon enjoys it every bit as much as the article replaced, and so on—up to a point that we need not fear we shall ever reach. But from this it is not to be inferred that "new dramatists" are consciously trying to supply the Public with a better article. Not those who are sincere, anyway. No, no! A man could not write anything sincere with the elevation of the Public as incentive. If he tried he would be as lost as ever were the Pharisees making broad their phylacteries. He can only express himself sincerely by not consider-

ing the Public at all. This is said quite without desire to flout, simply because it happens to be true. The mockers, of course, cry: "Can't!" Having fixed their eyes on the Public's face with the intention of serving its every nod, they have no notion that there exists a type of mind which cannot express itself in accordance with what it imagines is required; can only express itself for itself, and take the usually unpleasant consequences. This is, indeed, but an elementary truth, which since the beginning of the world has lain at the bottom of all artistic achievement. It is not cant to say that the only things vital in drama, as in every art, are achieved when the maker has fixed his soul on the making of a thing that shall seem fine to himself. It is the only standard; all the others—success, money, even the pleasure and benefit of other people—lead to confusion in the artist's spirit, and to the making of dust castles. To please your best self is the only way of being sincere.

Most weavers of drama, of course, are perfectly sincere when they start out to ply their shuttles; but how many persevere in that mood to the end of their plays, in defiance of outside consideration? Here—says one to himself—it will be too strong meat; there it will not be sufficiently convincing; this natural length will be too short; that end too appalling; in such and such a shape I shall never get my play taken; I must write that part up and tone this character down. And when it is all done—effectively, falsely—what is there? A prodigious run, perhaps. But—the grave of all that makes the life of an artist worth the living. Well, well! We who believe this will never get too many others to believe it! Those heavens will not fall; theatre doors will remain open; the heavy diners

will digest, and the over-driven man will dream!

And yet, with each sincere thing made—even if only fit for reposing in a drawer—its maker is stronger, and will some day make that which need not lie covered away, but reach out from him to other men.

It is a wide word—Sincerity. A *Midsummer Night's Dream* is no less sincere than *Hamlet*, *The Mikado* as faithful to its mood of satiric frolicking as Ibsen's *Ghosts* to its mood of moral horror. Sincerity bars out no themes—it only demands that the dramatist's moods and visions should be intense enough to keep him absorbed; that he should have something to say so engrossing to himself that he has no need to stray here and there and gather purple plums to eke out what was intended for an apple tart. Here is the heart of the matter: You cannot get sincere drama out of those who do not see and feel with sufficient fervor; and you cannot get good sincere drama out of persons with a weakness for short cuts. There are no short cuts to the good in art. You may turn out the machine-made article, very natty, but for the real hand-made thing you must have toiled in the sweat of your brow. In this country it is a little difficult to persuade people that the writing of plays and novels is work. To many it remains one of those inventions of a certain potentate for idle hands to do. To certain gentlemen in high life, addicted to field sports, it is still a species of licensed buffoonery, to be regulated by a sort of circus-master with a whip in one hand and a ginger-bread-nut in the other. By the truly simple soul it is thus summed up: "Work! Why! 'e sits writin' all day!" To some, both green and young, it shines as a vocation entirely glorious and exhilarating. If one may humbly believe the evidence of one's own

senses, it is not any of these, but a patient calling, glamorous now and then, but with fifty minutes of hard labor and of yearning to every ten of satisfaction. Not a pursuit, maybe, that one would change; but then, what man with a profession flies to others that he knows not of?

Novellists, it is true, even if they have not been taken too seriously by the people of these islands, have for a long time past respected themselves; but the calling of a dramatist till quite of late has been but an invertebrate and spiritless concern. Whipped by the Censor, exploited by the actor, dragooned and slashed by the manager, ignored by the Public, who never even bothered to inquire the names of those who supplied it with digestives—it was a slave's job. Thanks to a little sincerity, it is not now a slave's job, and will not again, I think, become one in this country.

From time to time in that vehicle of Improvisatoreism, that modern fairy tale—our daily paper—we read words such as these: "What has become of the boasted renaissance of our stage?" or "So much for all the trumpeting about the new drama!" When we come across such words, we remember that it is only natural for daily papers to say to-day the opposite of what they said yesterday. They must suit all tastes and preserve a decent equilibrium!

For there is just one new safeguard of the self-respecting dramatist that no amount of improvising for or against will explain away. Plays now are not merely acted, they are read, and will be read more and more. This does not mean, as some say, that they are being written for the study—they were never being written more deliberately, more carefully, for the stage. It does mean that they are tending more and more to comply with fidelity to theme, fidelity to self; and are

therefore more and more able to bear the scrutiny of cold daylight. Drama is again taking rank as literature. And for the first time perhaps since the days of Shakespeare, there are dramatists in this country, not a few, faithful to themselves.

Now this concurrence of atoms is not, perhaps, altogether fortuitous. For, however abhorrent such a notion may be to those yet wedded to Victorian ideals, we are undoubtedly passing through great changes in our philosophy of life. Just as a plant keeps on conforming to its environment, so our beliefs and ideals are conforming to our new social conditions and discoveries. There is in the air a revolt against prejudice, and a feeling that things must be re-tested. The spirit which, dwelling in pleasant places, would never re-test anything is now looked on askance. Even on our stage we are not enamored of it.

It is not the artist's business (be he dramatist or other) to preach. Admitted! His business is to portray; but portray truly he cannot if he has any of that glib doctrinaire spirit, which, devoid of the insight that comes from instinctive sympathy, does not want to look at life, only at a mirage of life compounded of Authority, Tradition, Comfort, Habit. The sincere artist has not, cannot have, by the very nature of him, anything of this spirit; he is bound to be curious and perceptive, with an instinctive craving to identify himself with the experience of others. This is his value, whether he express it in comedy, epic, satire, or tragedy. Sincerity distrusts Tradition, Authority, Comfort, Habit; cannot breathe the air of Prejudice, and cannot stand the cruelties that arise from it. And so it comes about that the new drama's spirit is essentially, inevitably human—humane—humanitarian, if you will; essentially distasteful to some profess-

ing followers of the Great Humanitarian, who if they were but sincere would see that they secretly abhor His teachings, and in practice continually invert them.

It is a fine age we live in!—this age of a developing social conscience; it is worthy of a great and fine art. But, though no art is fine unless it has sincerity, no amount of sincere intention will serve unless the expression of it be well-nigh perfect. An author is judged by what he has written; and criticism is innately inclined to remark first on the peccadillo points of a person, a poem, or a play, and in remarking on them to forget the play, poem, or person. If there be a scar on the forehead; a few false quantities or weak endings; if there is an absence in the third act of someone who appeared in the first—it is always much simpler to complain of this than to feel or describe the essence of the whole creature. But this very pettiness in our criticism is fortunately a sort of safeguard. The French writer Buffon said: *Bien écrire, c'est tout; car bien écrire c'est bien sentir, bien penser, et bien dire.* . . . Let the artist then, by all means, make his work impeccable, clothe his ideas, feelings, visions, in just those garments that can withstand the winds of criticism. But he himself must be his cruelest critic. Before cutting his cloth, let him very carefully determine the precise thickness, shape, and color best suited to the condition of his temperament. For there are still playwrights who, working in the full blast of an *affaire* between a poet and the wife of a strong silent stockbroker, will murmur to themselves: "Now for a little lyricism!" and drop into it. Or when the strong silent stockbroker has brought his wife once more to heel: "Now for the moral!" and give it us. Or when things are getting a little too intense: "Now for humor and

variety!" and bring in the curate. This kind of tartan kilt is very pleasant on its native heath of London; but—hardly the garment of good writing. Good writing is only the perfect clothing of mood—the just right form. Shakespeare's form, indeed, was extraordinarily loose, wide, plastic; but then his spirit was ever changing its mood—a true chameleon. And as to the form of Mr. Shaw—who was once compared with Shakespeare—why! there is none. And yet, what form could so perfectly express Mr. Shaw's glorious crusade against stupidity, his wonderfully sincere and lifelong mood of sticking pins into a pig?

We are told indeed, *ad nauseam*, that the stage has laws of its own, to which all dramatists must bow. Quite true! The stage has the highly technical laws of its physical conditions, which cannot be neglected. But even when they are all properly attended to, it is only behind the elbow of him who feels strongly and tries to materialize sincerely what he feels, that right expression stands. The imaginative mood is a tricky comrade, coming who knows when, and staying none too long. Be true to her while she is there, and when she is not there do not insult her by looking in every face and thinking it will serve. These are the laws of sincerity, which even the past-master in the laws of the stage cannot afford to neglect. For, in playwriting, I venture to think, against a considerable body of opinion, that anything is better than resorting to moral sentiments and solutions simply because they are current coin; or to decoration because it is "the thing." And—as to humor: If an author's characters or his idea inspire him with that genuine topsy-turvy feeling which underlies the precious article, real humor—good; but nothing appears to me so pitifully unfunny as the dragged-in epigram or dismal

knockabout that has no connection whatever with the persons or philosophy of the play.

But there is nothing easier in this life than to think one is, and nothing much harder than to be—Sincere. Imagine the smile, and the blue pencil, of the Spirit of Sincerity, if we could appoint him Censor. Ah! if only we could—just for a year! That is a censorship I would not lift my pen against, though he excised—as perhaps he might—the half of my work. Sometimes one has a glimpse of his ironic face and his swift fingers busy with those darkening pages. And once I dreamed about him. It was while a certain Commission was sitting on the censorship that still so admirably guards insincerity.

The Spirit of Sincerity was sitting in a field, speaking to the flowers, who were standing round him in their accustomed attitudes.

"Flowers!" he was saying, "you wish to learn of me what is Sincerity. I shall be very happy to inform you. Look into yourselves; and when you feel that what lies deepest within you is not up in arms against what lies outside you, then you will have found a feeling that you may perhaps dignify with the word Sincere. But do not expect to find Truth in Life and Nature immutable, as you find it in mathematics; for, since each living thing varies from every other living thing, each has its own angle of vision, and never twice are there quite the same set of premises from which to draw conclusion. Give up, then, asking of any but yourselves for the whereabouts of truth; and if someone says that he can tell you where it is, do not believe him, for he is as one laying a trail of sand, and thinking it shall stay there for ever."

Having thus spoken, the Spirit of Sincerity covered his eyes with his hand, and I could see him looking

through his fingers to see what effect he had made upon the flowers. But the flowers remained without sound, as if they had not heard him. Then, dropping his hand from before his eyes, the Spirit of Sincerity remarked: "Flowers! I perceive that you, at all events, do not care what effect you make on other people. It is I who must learn of you what is sincerity! . . ."

But there is one very common answer to all this: "I entirely deny that this 'new drama' you speak of is any better than the old drama, cut to the pattern of Scribe and Sardou. You may just as well say that these post-impressionist painters are better than what went before them, which is absurd. What you have gained in one way you have lost in another. Novelty is not necessarily improvement."

Very true! Novelty is not necessarily improvement. And all that anyone, who believes in this so-varying "new drama," which has in common but the one main struggle for sincerity, can answer is: That comparison must be left to history. But it is just as well to remember that we are not born connoisseurs of plays. And, certainly, without trying the new we shall not know if it is better than the old. To appreciate even drama at its true value, a man must be educated just a little. I remember that when I first went to the National Gallery I was struck dumb with love of Landseer's stags and a Greuze damsel with her cheek glued to her own shoulder, and became voluble from admiration of the large Turner and the large Claude hung together in that perpetual prize-fight! At a second visit I discovered Sir Joshua's "Countess of Albemarle," and Old Crome's "Mousehold Heath," and did not care quite so much for Landseer's stags. And again and again I went, and each time

saw a little differently, a little clearer; until at last my time was spent before Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne," Botticelli's "Portrait of a Young Man," the Francescas, Da Messina's little "Crucifixion," the Ucello battle picture (that great test of education), the Velasquez "Admiral," Hogarth's "Five Servants," and the immortal "Death of Procris." Admiration for stags and maiden—where was it?

This analogy of pictures is not used for the purpose of suggesting that our "new drama" is as far in front of the old as the "Death of Procris" is in front of Landseer's stags. Alas, no! It is used for the purpose of enforcing the suggestion that taste is encouraged by an open mind, and is a matter of gradual education.

A certain gentleman lately appointed to assist in the control of the exuberance of plays has stated in public print that there have been no plays of any value written since 1885. To every man his sincere opinion! But before

The Hibbert Journal.

we share it, let us walk a little through our National Gallery of drama, with inquiring eye and open mind, to see and know for ourselves. For, *to know*, a man cannot begin too young; cannot leave off too old. And always he must have a mind that feels it will never know enough. In this way alone he *will* perhaps know something before he dies.

And even if he require of the drama only buffoonery, or a digestive for his dinner, why not be able to discern good buffoonery from bad, and the pure digestive from the drug?

I am, I suppose, prejudiced in favor of this "new drama" of sincerity, of these poor productions of the last ten years or so. It may be, indeed, that many of them will perish and fade away. But they are, at all events, the expression of the sincere moods of men who ask no more than to serve an art, which, God knows, has need of a little serving in this country.

John Galsworthy.

THE CHRISTIAN DRUM.

In one of Tolstoi's stories, the King who has taken away the beautiful wife of a peasant, tells the man he will give her back if he can find the way to "there, where nobody knows," and return to him with "that, don't know what"; and in despair the man goes to the soldiers. They laugh. "From the day we are soldiers," they say, "we go we don't know where, and never yet have we got there," and "we, too, seek we don't know what, and never yet have we found it," whereat the peasant turns away and, picking up a big drum, presents himself before the King. "Go away," says the King, so the man marches out of the palace, beating the drum with rage. And lo, all the soldiers turn to attention, form

up and march behind him, till the King, seeing that his army is forsaking him, cries out to the man to stop, and restores to him his wife.

The Empty Drum! In the year of our Lord 1913 it is a story to be read. Never before has the drum been beaten so fiercely, and never has its inherent emptiness been more conspicuous. Whither it would lead, no Government, no nation, no man, not even the kings who beat it, have any idea, as what it is that is sought for neither wisdom nor morality can tell. It is making a great and persistent noise, that is all the best of us can say. And all over civilized Europe its shindy is drawing men and peoples behind it, just like the drum

in the story, and there is no reason of State, of Church, or of humanity which has any power to stop it or, for that matter, any apparent or serious desire. A big pow-wow—that is all. Ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan! "Onward, Christian Soldiers," making of this wonderful age an era of bloody, bloated armaments, without precedent in the history of the world.

But Tolstol's tale is incomplete. It is not a question of any man's wife, or any man's goods to-day, it is the Christian Drum that is beating, beating, as Bismarck described it, "with God and Kaiser," and now, in the words of the Emperor William, justifying the fifty-million German War Loan, "in the name of God" and his mercy.

"In the name of God" and his mercy! So speaks the very Christian War Lord of Germany, as if the Huns of Attila were once more preparing to devastate the country, whereas the truth is no Power is threatening Germany at all. And here it must be plain to all serious thinking people lies the root of the evil oppressing modern Europe. What are the reputed words of the Christ? "Arm and conquer, return an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth"? Precisely the contrary: "Suffer little children to come unto me, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." The whole spirit and teaching of Jesus are summed up in these beautiful words, which have ever since stood as the foundation and principle of what men theoretically call belief or Christianity, and what in practice they term civilization. From the year one, this religion of mercy, charity, humility, forgiveness and repentance has stood as the citadel of conscience and moral government, yet in its name the drum has always beaten fiercer and fiercer to arms and conquest; and there have been more wars waged in the name of Christianity than in all the annals of mankind during the thousands of years previous to the

Crucifixion, and there has been more human blood shed for the Cross than for any other cause in history, and now, after nineteen hundred years of warfare, Europe is turned into a drill-ground of utterly wasteful armies of destruction going they do not know where, seeking they do not know what, primed for mutual slaughter in the name of the "very God," justified by the supreme hypocrisy of self-defence.

In self-defence Germany is resorting to a War Loan of fifty millions, has built ships with feverish rapidity, in the hope of catching up to us, and because she is arming—all in the name of God—Russia keeps close on a million men on her frontier "to supervise Germany," and France has to fall back on compulsory three-years' service as the sole means of keeping abreast. What, if there is a soul in Christianity, does all this talk of war in the name of God mean? Does the Kaiser imagine that Germany is the favorite of the Deity who sent his Son down to earth to deliver mankind from sin? What, in the name of their own sanity, are the ministers of the churches doing that they do not proclaim from every pulpit in Europe the blasphemy of this bloodthirsty doctrine so completely at variance with the teachings of "Our Saviour," and so disastrous to the progress of humanity? What are Governments, peoples, individuals doing that they do not rise up and protest against this humbug of war in the name of religion, against this hideous immorality and savagery? Let those who ask but listen.

The drum is beating in the centre of Europe, there is no other answer. What use are creeds, philosophies, books, beliefs, against the rattle of the empty drum? How far less use when it is a Christian drum! The Kaiser knows that, for above all things he is a diplomatist. Though the Germans are the most free-thinking and irrelig-

ious nation in Europe, though in Germany there is a notorious dearth of churches, and cynicism is as popular as beer, it is from Germany that the Christian drum chivies all Europe into armaments, because there alone is an absolute personal Government which decrees and is obeyed. That is the supreme strength of Germany, as it is the supreme danger to Europe. The Emperor will get his fifty millions, his additional annual expenditure, his re-arming of the artillery, his men and his new ships too, while we, who are reputed a practical nation, are wrestling with a handful of discontented women, hearkening to the drum, it is true, yet alone not following it, characteristically awaiting developments.

From the English point of view, the German war drum has been tromelled to one good effect, which is that with the prodigious expenditure on the army, it is clear that no very great increase in German shipbuilding will be possible either this year or the next. For the moment the naval rivalry between England and Germany ceases. Another danger has sprung up before the Fatherland—Russia and the Slav Balkan League: barring the way to German Eastern expansion, frustrating the whole design of the Emperor's Near Eastern policy, which as little contemplated the expulsion of Turkey from Europe as German diplomacy foresaw the possibility of an Anglo-French *entente*—which was the unforgivable failure of Prince Bülow. Once more Bismarck has been vindicated. Germany in the centre of Europe, he laid down as axiomatic of German statesmanship, must always remember her frontiers; she must be a land Power, she can never have a great oversea empire. The collapse of European Turkey has driven in his warning with blood and iron. Germany is cooped in. Drunk with naval ambition, the Emperor for the last ten years had

quite forgotten the geography of his country. The Creusot guns of the Allies, the rout of his old friend the Turk, the rise of a new Slav Federation in the South, have once more turned his attention from the quarterdeck to the destiny of Germany on shore. He is Emperor by "divine right." There is no opposition, no possibility of opposition. Unlike our greatest soldier, who ends his old age stumping the country for a hearing, the Emperor bangs the big drum and in a morning Europe is plunged into panic and there would seem no outlet but in war.

Of that no thinking man can doubt. Somewhere, some day, even the empty drum must lead. That it can be beaten indefinitely to no purpose is contrary to all the teaching of history. That it is being beaten now out of mere bravado and goodwill is untenable, even as a proposition. In reality it is the Emperor's answer to the new European situation. It seems that Germany, contrary to all English idealist opinion, is determined to uphold the principle of militarism as the *ultima ratio* of diplomatic argument, and will hear nothing either of disarmament or humanitarianism.

Thus suddenly, unexpectedly, the entire European political position has changed. The tension between England and Germany will cease, pending the German respite in the shipbuilding race—a respite which, if we have any political sanity left in us, we will promptly use to place the dwindling margin of naval superiority beyond all possible doubt of challenge. On the other hand, Europe groans once more in the crisis of *Kriegsspiel*. Russia is again the enemy, as Bismarck always prophesied she would be. But the game is now between France and Germany, as in the last few years it has been with us. That France will show a craven spirit is not to be contemplated. That Russia will allow Germany to re-

insure herself at the expense of France is no longer even an argument. The new Military Federation has come to stay, and no one knows that better now than Germany. Belgium is arming to the teeth. Austria awaits the demise of the venerable Emperor "of peace" with no little anxiety. Thus Europe is braced and loaded for war, "with God and Fatherland" as the emblem of each separate country, armed only in the cause of self-defence, the pugilistic euphemism for the "knock-out." It is no use to philosophise, to talk humanity or sentiment, or pretend that the war panic does not exist. At this moment all Europe is deliberately preparing for war, though nobody knows why, or what good war would do to either victor or vanquished; it is so, in the name of God.

Most happily for us, we live on an island; at this hour we are the *tertius gaudens* Power in Europe, feeling that the Naval Estimates are sufficient and that we have only the border warfare of Belfast and the sexes to confront. We need not be anxious at the slowness of the Government with regard to aircraft, which, as a military weapon, is still in its infancy, and the more so as we have an undoubted genius for awaiting the development of a new engine of destruction and then ourselves turning it to account, as we did in the cases of torpedoes, motors, submarines, and wireless telegraphy, all of which were discovered and developed by foreigners. The question for England, then, is not the morality of the Hohenzollern drum, not the outrage to Christianity caused by this crass display of brute force, but simply this: Are we to fall back in the race of military expansion and so for ever to give up our claim to be a recognized land Power in Europe, or are we, mindful of our own history, to follow in the wake of Berlin, when the only alternative is conscription?

Germany, we may be perfectly sure, will neither listen to sense nor remonstrance. As there is no justification for her war fever, so there will be no justification for her actions. She will arm and attack if, and when, she pleases. Nothing will restrain her attitude short of a European coalition against her, such as was formed to cut short the rapacity of Napoleon, and this, unless the women of England obtain the upper hand, seems hardly within the range of practical politics. The grand mischief-maker of Europe, the Emperor with his military madness, has several policies open to him. One is frankly to abandon all idea of outbuilding us in ships, when we might come to a deal; the other is to try to force France into fighting *without our land help*, and so bully her into partnership; and the third is to make a complete friend of Russia and detach her from France, in which event the Western aggrandizement of Germany to the mouth of the Rhine would be the goal of Teutonic ambition. But this latter alternative is so remote a possibility that it is not worth immediate consideration.

The question to us is the stability of France, a stability which we are not only pledged to uphold by all the canons of good faith and the *entente*, but which carries with it the independence of the sea borders of Holland and of France, as, failing such stability, they must necessarily fall into German conquering hands. If it is certain that we are unwilling or unable to co-operate militarily in the defence of France, then, sooner or later, the pressure will come and France will have to decide between the friendship of England or Germany, with the alternative in either case of fighting for her very existence. So much is obvious. And it is here that English opinion will have to make a decision, and it will be the turning-point in European history.

With conscription, able and determined, in the event of a wanton German invasion of France, to throw an expeditionary force of at least 300,000 trained soldiers on the Continent, we hold the ring, and the advance of Germany to the western coasts of Europe could be frustrated. Without conscription we can do nothing. The military value of our friendship is negligible. We are merely well-wishers. We cease to count in diplomacy or war. In the rigid insularity of defence, our offensive has neither cognizance nor pike.

In a word, we now have to follow the Christian drum or to be content, marooned upon our "right-little, tight-little island," trusting to our good men and ships to preserve the national continuity. Our aversion to conscription is merely our aversion to system, the bugbear of Individualism. Yet we love nothing better than playing at soldiering. To see our mounted Territorials practising wheeling evolutions on the sands at some of our seaside resorts would make even a Pomeranian recruit smile. See the enthusiasm about the Boy Scouts. Listen to Vesta Tilley with her song about the soldier—unquestionably the military spirit is with us. And, oddly enough—we are always paradoxical in this country—the Socialists, headed by Hyndman and Bernard Shaw, are in favor of conscription, though the entire Social Democracy of Europe is against it.

The trouble is, of course, our party system, with its corresponding lack of national discipline and direction, at the mercy always of quinquennial waves of popular temper and experiment and what is known as the pendulum. Our insularity allows us to devote the national energies to the "game" which we do with the same zest and spirit that we follow horse-racing and football. "For George" or a "Cecil," and there the purview ends, at Folkestone or Brighton, while the

India Office is shrouded in complete mystery, and the Foreign Minister is popularly credited with bovine ignorance of his own department. Party government is a splendid weapon for parochial politics, but as its condition is the machinery based upon the servile obedience of its following, both in and out of Westminster, it tends more and more to fail where statesmanship and international initiative are required, for the very reason that the greater the popularity of the Cabinet the less must grow its own free action and control. Thus the needs of the Army are made a party affair. Thus the comic irresolution of the Home Office because a handful of hysterical women hunger-strike; thus the stampeding of Members of Parliament recently over the absurdly exaggerated White Slave Traffic; thus our War Office apathy about war; thus the indifference of the Government about divorce reform in spite of the Majority Report—because all these matters are non-party issues, not negotiable in the party, vote-catching sense, and can thus more or less safely be jettisoned by a Cabinet dependent upon a fickle suffrage, of necessity driven ever onwards by its own party momentum.

In the case of conscription, the panic of Tory and Liberal is Pickwickian, only soldiers and Socialists having the moral courage to pronounce the word, though why the modern Liberalism of Mr. Lloyd George should take fright at the notion of compulsion shows curious ignorance of foreign conditions, seeing that it is quite certain that, with the introduction of national service, class Socialism would arise for the first time as its inevitable corollary, spreading the democratic ideas of the day far and wide through the country—which is, no doubt, the reason why Bernard Shaw supports it. Against the English forces of snobbery and parochialism, Socialism has not a sporting

chance. But conscription means system, discipline, control, national organization—four things party insularity abominates. Conscription would turn the mind of the professional footballer and football gazer, the caddie and taxi-tout, and the army of wastrels, cranks and tub-thumpers to abstract thought and theory. He would learn what discipline had done for him, what organization might do for him. So we have the paradox in England of those two strenuous "Little Englanders" (*pace* Colonel Weston), Shaw and Hyndman, alone fearlessly advocating national service, while even Lord Roberts employs euphemy to describe it, and politicians bar the word in the same way that it is not permitted in America to talk about a leg.

All the same, the Army is the leg of England, and it walked well enough on the Continent from the days when "Cœur de Lion" and the Black Prince led it to the last English European charge at Balacava, and had Gladstone been given his way, our Bearskins would have been sent against the Turk at the time of the Armenian atrocities. Historically, there is no disgrace in possessing an army. England has always fought in Europe, and, strange as it may appear, has generally won. Cromwell, founder of the Navy, perhaps the greatest statesman England ever had, beat the drum all the time. It was Pitt who really destroyed Napoleon. Unless we are prepared to study the map, as he did, sooner or later apathy will be pitted against preparedness, and when it does the Potsdam battle-drum may be heard in Piccadilly.

Anyhow, we shall have to make up our minds, and quickly, or it will be too late. The whole European situation is curiously similar to the terrorism of Buonaparte, except that the driving force of the present war craze is fear, whereas in the times of the

Corsican it was action. There are possibilities, of course. The Kaiser may die—his son may turn out a humanitarian, like his grandfather; and again, the Emperor Joseph may die, and his heir may turn out to be a veritable firebrand. The chances are even. Somewhere a great soldier statesman may arise, but, unless it is to be Mrs. Pankhurst, there is not much likelihood of that. A few ethnic and geographical landslides are conceivable—in the final adjustment of the Balkan States, and even in Austria; but in no case will the military madness of the Kaiser be affected, in no case will the burden of armaments be alleviated or the constant panics and friction, or the anomaly of this mock-religious Barbarossa savagery be removed from Europe until the drum forces an issue. Such is the prospect, for that Social Democracy in Germany or elsewhere will be strong enough to rise up and put an end to this barbarism is not to be contemplated, and there is no other agency available.

The Church, Christianity, will follow the drum, as it always has done through the ages. War! It has lived on war. Every battle since the Crusades has been fought in its name. Assuredly there is no hope there, though in England alone last year eight thousand books on theology were written and published. Humanity, alas! is frail.

"Mourir pour sa patrie, n'est pas un triste sort

C'est s'immortaliser par une belle mort."

Don't we all know it, King, Pope, publican and politician? The empty drum! At its best civilization throws off its mask. And the blood surges in our temples, and women are proud of their motherhood. Ra-ta-plan! Ra-ta-plan! An ugly noise, yes! The call of blood and death! Admitted. Well, it is beating now in Europe loud enough, coming

across the waters even into the hamlets and gardens of England. Shall we, too, follow it, goose-step, eyes front, "for God and King"? Shall we follow our

The English Review.

Socialists with their appeal for military preparedness, or shall we pass on to the thirteenth tee, and risk pot-luck—when it comes?

Austin Harrison.

COLOR-BLIND.

BY ALICE PERRIN.

CHAPTER I.

The bedroom door creaked with the irritating perversity peculiar to inanimate objects, and Fay Fleetwood said something angry under her breath. Being a door in an old-fashioned Indian bungalow—albeit the bungalow belonged to a popular hill-station—it had no lock, only long bolts at the top and the bottom, and the lower bolt scraped on the floor in defiant accompaniment to the squeak of the hinges.

Fay listened, anxious, intent. Across the passage her father's snores resounded loud, long, regular. She marvelled how her mother could rest with such a noise in the room, but then it took a good deal to disturb Mother either sleeping or awake. In the present circumstances this was fortunate, for had Mrs. Fleetwood heard movements at such an early hour in her youngest daughter's bedroom she might have arisen to investigate the cause, and would certainly have prohibited Fay's expedition to the top of the hill to see the dawn break over the snows. Mother would forbid "such mad nonsense" once she knew of it, and add the usual things that so bored Fay to hear: "You must recollect that you are sixteen—no longer a child. . . . We really ought to have left you at home. . . . We really ought not to keep you out here like this. . ." &c., &c.

Father would probably remark that only a lunatic could wish to get up in the middle of the night unless for

purposes connected with sport. Marion and Isabel would be sure to laugh and tease, and "say things" before people about their little sister's queer ways, till Fay would feel hot and prickly with self-consciousness as though ginger-beer were running in her veins. . . . She knew it all so well!

Therefore was she most careful and cautious, and crept like a little slim thief out into the dark, gravelly compound. Above her, against a glimmering background, towered the fir-trees, gloomy, fragrant. A steep track that climbed to an upper road in the hill-side made a wavering, uncertain streak like a column of rising mist in the dimness. She paused, and drew deep breaths of the keen, cold air, already quickening with expectance of the dawn; then, nervous as an animal, she drew back into the darker shelter of the wall, for a sudden light shot out from the servant's quarters and told her the establishment was stirring.

With a high yawn old Gunga, the bearer, came out of his little room and squatted on his heels before the open door. As he leaned over the brass water-vessel in his hand to wash, noisily, his mouth and teeth, the light from a primitive oil-lamp behind him silhouetted his shaven old Hindu skull and the curve of bare neck and bony shoulder.

Fay trusted he might not espy her. Gunga was a veritable old lynx, and she knew he would condemn her con-

duct. Previously she had escaped him by starting even earlier,—this was not the first time Fay had crept out in secret to meet the dawn. She fluttered furtively between the tree trunks. Then, once on the narrow track that cork-screwed up the hill-side, she mounted with the swift, confident activity of youth.

By the time she reached the public road, the Upper Mall as it was called in Pahar Tal, the feeble light in the sky had strengthened, and her spirits rose in sympathetic exultation. She could smell the dawn, feel the advent of the sun; and the very silence around her, the solitude, the spaces of darkness that lingered yet, enhanced the ecstasy that filled her being. She did not question why this sense of fellowship with nature should cause her such keen pleasure. She only knew that she was happy; and she danced gaily along the narrow road—a road trodden by the feet of hill-people for countless ages just as a mere goat-track, until ennobled into a Mall by Western purpose some eighty years ago.

Now she left this main thoroughfare, and the sleeping villas resting on hill-side platforms above and below it, and climbed a steep, narrow way that wound up and up, and zig-zagged and curved, till it brought her almost to the summit of the mountain. Just the high crest of the hill rose behind her as now she stood on a level path supporting herself by a stout railing—solid barrier between her and a drop of thousands of feet into the abyss below.

But there was nothing horrible about the depths into which Fay would have gazed had there been light enough. The descent was lined with vegetation, thick and dense, with a tangled sub-tropical growth, out of which rose oak, and pine, and rhododendron, and blossoming shrubs whose

perfume came up with the night mist already dispersing.

At first Fay could see nothing very plainly. The shimmer of light seemed to come from so far away—to be but a reflection of some greater radiance. Dark masses of trees and hill-tops stood up in fantastic shapes, without perspective or proportion, still muffled by the night. The hint of mysterious pause around her made her heart beat quickly. She felt solitary, almost afraid.

There came a sharp rustle in the undergrowth directly below her. Another a little distance away. Then a hill partridge rose with a startling whirl of flight, a barking deer called from across the first valley; and at once birds and beasts were awake to make ready for the day. No longer did Fay feel lonely. She was part of the living multitude that awaited a coming pageant. Her fingers tightened on the railing as a subtle change crept over everything.

A snow-peak, infinitely grand, gleamed out like a gigantic spear-tip stained with blood, piercing the heavens. Then another, and another, again and again, till all the shadows rolled way, and grey light grew rosy golden, spreading across "the Snows."

So the topmost heights of the Himalayas, the Roof of the World, the abode of the greater gods, shone forth, wondrous, resplendent, terribly majestic, before this little girl, this atom of life, who gazed on the age-old marvels of the hills with quivering nerves and throbbing throat, and tears dimming her tender grey eyes.

Now the air became charged with cheerful sound. Birds were calling, the bleat of goats rang through the valley. Overhead, in the sky that melted from rose-color to crystal blue, a large kite soared and swung and dived, screaming, as he tested his flight for the day. A troop of big

black monkeys crashed and chattered down the precipice. Human voices echoed here and there. A shout, long-drawn, refined by distance, came up from the tiny hamlet below, balanced on ledges of the hill. The mountain people were awake. And across the deep purple of the valleys, against the exquisite blue of the sky, the whole range of dazzling white mountains shone deceptively, startlingly near, with no softening haze to cloud the boldness of their glory. A grand completion, overwhelming in its perfect, desolate finish.

"Aree! Miss-babba—" a cross, quavering voice dragged the dreamy little girl's attention from her beloved vista. She turned with human impatience to old Gunga, panting from his climb, reproachful, querulous, altogether exasperating.

"What rashness is this!" he said. "The morning air is bad for an empty stomach, and the Miss-babba has had no tea and toast. What will the Memsahib say, and the Sahib? Moreover besides the fear of fever-mist from the valleys are there not such things as stray leopards, and evil characters, to be regarded as dangers? It is unsafe for children to be abroad at such an hour."

Gunga had helped to tend the young Fleetwoods from the time of their birth. Fay, in particular, he had guarded and diverted and consoled throughout her babyhood till the mail train for Bombay bore her away, howling in her mother's arms because Gunga was left behind, crying, on the platform. And from the moment of her return to India he had claimed to regard her as his special charge.

Now the ungrateful Fay made a gesture of annoyance. It was more a native gesture than English, and she clicked sharply with her tongue.

"Be silent, Gunga! I am not a child. I will do as I please," she said in

fluent Hindustani, "and if you tell the Memsahib that I came out to see the day break, will I also tell her about the wood, and the charcoal, and the grain—all the discount that goes on in the compound which is for you to oversee and prevent. Aha!" she concluded, with impish malice, as the old man betrayed discomfiture.

"Well, well," he deprecated, "it is ever a hard matter to control others. But if a *chittack* of grain goes here, and an ounce of charcoal or a bundle of wood there, or a measure of meal finds its way into the stomach of the sweeper's wife instead of into the crops of the fowls—what harm? The Sahib and his lady receive good service, there is no discontent in the compound, and all is well. Percentage is the custom of Hindustan, and custom is a hard master with us people and bad to disobey. Custom cannot be changed," he said doggedly, "and the Sahib would say the same whatever was told him."

"But the Memsahib might make a disturbance, eh?" Fay said shrewdly, "and then there would be trouble in the compound, and therefore much worry for Gunga, bearer. Very well, old man, if you remain silent so will I also, for you value peace and I like to get up before dawn now and then to see the sun rise on the snows. So that is arranged. And now tell me, how did you know I was out, how did you know I had come up here?"

Gunga laughed. "How did I know?" he repeated, and his eyes, deep-sunk in his fine old head, twinkled with amusement. "Am I blind yet? Did I think the white thing climbing the hill behind the house was a cat, or a dog, or a ghost? It is the Miss-babba, I said, who else? and she must be followed to make sure that she meets with no harm, being young and therefore without sense." He laughed again, a soft little cackle, and turned

away that he might spit into the hill-side without the young lady's knowledge, for betel-nut juice had accumulated inconveniently in his mouth.

Fay seated herself on a piece of rock. It was still very early; there was plenty of time. Gunga seemed in no hurry either. He lifted the tail of his blue cloth coat and crouched comfortably on his heels at a respectful distance. He found it pleasant enough up here in the fresh morning air now that the sun struck warm on the sheltering mountain-side. . . . The old servant glanced with furtive attention at the little Miss, who gazed towards the holy heights as though blind and deaf to all else. He thought vaguely that like her might be the hill fairies who are said to dance on the distant mountain tops at dawn and sunset, and only come down in the night-time to play in the valleys, she was so slim, so slight, with just the lightness of a moth or a cobweb or a sprite, full, too, of a sprite's mischievous leanings.

"Gunga," she said suddenly, "have you ever heard that hill-god—I forget his name—calling to his dogs through the valleys and over the mountains?"

"Wah!" said Gunga, with evasive contempt. "How should I hear such things? That is the talk of the common hill-folk." Nevertheless Gunga did not sound so incredulous as he endeavored to look.

"But without doubt gods and demons and spirits are to be seen and heard," argued Fay, "spirits both evil and benevolent. Did you not once tell me yourself that there were two kinds—those who are related to the greater gods, and therefore of kindly disposition, and those who are devils with power only for harm? You know very well that the washerman met a ghost one night on the road at the back of our hill; it had no feet, but a huge face, and teeth like a dog's, and bleed-

ing eyes! It gave him a rupee, and in the morning the money had turned to a piece of bone. Why, ever since he has been asking for leave to go to his home, he is so afraid of meeting it again. But of course the Memsahib will not listen to such a reason, though he showed her the piece of bone!"

Gunga flipped his fingers. "Coolle talk! Coolle talk!" he repeated with contempt.

But, all the same, he proceeded presently to relate a story that had been told to him the other day by an old hill villager, who declared it actually had happened to his own cousin's wife's uncle! This famous individual happened to be returning to his home one night when he heard a most terrifying noise—the baying of hounds and the ringing of bells, and there swept past him a troop of hideous demons each of a different shape, barking, yelling, laughing. Behind them, borne on a litter, came a monstrous figure that spat from side to side, and had but one eye in the middle of its forehead, by which the trembling villager recognized that he was in the presence of a god at whose shrine he had often assisted in sacrifices and propitiatory dancing. He knew also that whoever sees, or is seen by, this solitary eye has small chance of life, so that fear rendered him desperate, and he stood in the path demanding mercy in the name of his offerings, and prayers, and sacrifices—with mention, too, of the time when he had danced around the sacred fire on a moonlit night, and finally cast himself into the flames without injury to his flesh, thereby proving himself to be one of the god's true slaves. . . . And the god being impressed by the man's great courage and piety relented and did not slay him. Moreover, according to his custom towards those who should survive such a meeting, he showed the villager

a spot where treasure was concealed, much gold, though mingled thickly with human bones; so that the man returned wealthy to his village, where he lived in comfort, he and his people, for many a year after; and when he died his neighbors piled up loose stones as a shrine to his memory and for the propitiation of his ghost . . . which memorial can be seen by any one who travels through the village.

Gunga concluded his story with satisfaction. He had enjoyed the telling of it, and he knew by the manner in which the Miss-babba had listened that the telling had pleased her also. She would ever attend closely to stories concerning fairies, and gods, and ghosts. Because, in his hidden heart, Gunga believed them all, Fay could not help being fascinated and impressed by them too; wherein lies the spell of true romance, for if the tale be not alive to the teller how shall it hold the hearer?

Now the pair sat silent in the crystal clearness of the morning, and listened idly to the voices of the hill people who climbed the steep tracks with incredible burdens on their heads and shoulders,—to the distant strains of a regimental band busy with the daily practice; to the occasional reports of rock blasting that echoed away, lazily, among the mountains. . . .

Breaking into the immediate silence, quick footsteps rounded a jutting knuckle of the hill. Gunga rose; Fay turned her head. They both knew, by the sound and measure, that it was the tread of a European; and into their view came a tall figure dressed in white flannels, a knitted silk muffler around a sun-burned neck, a straw hat tilted forward on a sleek, dark head that showed a premature dusting of grey. Under the hat-brim were eyes alert, watchful, direct, having curious coloring like the green-brown of moss-agates; then a prominent nose,

a small, crisp black moustache, and a determined chin.

Gunga salaamed with deep respect to Captain Somerton, who stopped and looked down, smiling, at Fay's serious face.

"Hullo, little lady! you are up early," he said; then acknowledged with courtesy her attendant's salute.

Fay rose and said "Good morning" with polite embarrassment. She did not know Captain Somerton very well, and had not spoken to him many times, though he was often at her father's house, and she saw him nearly every day riding with the young Rajah of Rotah, whose "bear-leader" he was, teaching the boy to play cricket and tennis in the compound that could be seen from the Fleetwoods' garden; inducing him to take walks, a form of exercise openly detested of the young Prince. . . . Fay rather wondered that the Rajah was not a breathless, unwilling follower of his guardian this morning.

Evidently Captain Somerton had been walking up and down hill with violent speed, and seemed rather glad of an excuse to halt than otherwise. "And what has brought you up here at this time of the morning?" he inquired with friendly interest.

Fay hesitated. She disliked being laughed at, and whatever she said to Captain Somerton he might repeat to her sisters, disconcerting chaff being a certain consequence. She raised her shy, yet eager eyes, and met his straight, kind gaze. Impulsively she said: "I came up here to see the dawn."

"And are you glad you came up here, now you have seen it?" Something of surprised respect entered into his careless friendliness.

"Oh! I have seen it often before," she said softly. "Last year very often, but this year only two or three times. Have you seen it? Did you see it this

morning? Isn't it—Isn't it—" she stammered, her enthusiasm blocked by youth's inarticulateness.

Captain Somerton looked at the glittering panorama of snowpeaks. He also had seen the dawn break from another part of the hills.

"Yes," he said slowly. "It is!" Then he turned to her, and they smiled at each other in comfortable understanding.

Now he observed, with new attention, the "Fleetwood Flapper," as he heard her called by her sisters' subaltern friends. He had never before noticed her very particularly. When he went to the Fleetwoods' house she was always there, though more or less in the background—reading in a corner of the veranda, playing with the dogs or a black kitten, doing needlework with obvious reluctance in the drawing-room, running errands for her sisters. Occasionally it had occurred to him as a pity that she was not in England; surely her education must be shockingly neglected. The elder Miss Fleetwoods, he knew from their complainings, were supposed to teach her, a task intended to combine, incidentally, the upkeep of their own French and music, drawing, and study of English literature.

The child startled him by saying, without preamble: "They don't know I come to see it. If they did I should be told not to—." There was en-trety in her eyes.

For a moment the man was puzzled. Then he understood. "Oh!—your people!"

"Perhaps you won't mention that you met me up here? You see they would be afraid about fever and all sorts of things that would never happen, and they would say I was too old to get up and go out at such an hour—though Gunga, here, objects because he thinks I'm too young!"

She gave a little laugh of amused irritation.

Somerton laughed, too. "All right. I won't give you away, little lady of the dawn. But I'm rather inclined to agree with both objections myself! Any way you are wise to bring this old gentleman with you."

Somerton, with his knowledge of things Indian, felt assured that no active harm would ever come to her while in the old man's keeping. Gunga was of the order of Indian servant now almost extinct, loyal, devoted, jealously tenacious of the honor of his master's house and name, never doubting but that his own rights, traditions, and customs would also be considered, understood, and respected.

"I didn't bring him," said "the Fleetwood Flapper" defiantly. "He followed me up here, interfering old thing!"

Somerton refrained from retort. He laughed again, raised his straw hat, and continued on his way. Gunga looked after him with approval. One of the best houses in the station had been rented for the Rajah and his suite during the hot season; and the inevitable rabble of native followers and their parasites in the out-buildings, their night-long feasts and festivities, and irregular existence, delighted and demoralized the servants that dwelt in the neighboring compounds, and therefore caused sore aggravation to their English employers. The Rajah's house stood just below that of Mr. Fleetwood, and Gunga, as controller of the Commissioner-Sahib's domestic staff, had his own trials in consequence. He could realize how many were the difficulties, small and great, inseparable from Somerton-Sahib's position—intricacies that might scarcely be credited by the European unversed in Eastern customs, or by the Oriental unused to Western ways. The old Hindu, in

service with the English from his boyhood, recognized and admired the firmness of this sahib's dealings with delicate questions on either side.

Clive Somerton walked on, taking with him a slight feeling of concern. That child, he reflected, ought to be at a good school in England, not wandering about the Indian hills with only an old bearer, however reliable, for company. In spite of the mass of hair still down her back, and her short skirt that displayed her slim ankles, she was quite as tall as her two very grown-up sisters. Her pale little face, so delicately cut, and the rapt expression of her grey eyes haunted him—how odd that she should

The Times.

(To be continued)

THE PAINTER OF ETERNAL TRUTHS.

There is nothing in the ancestry of George Frederick Watts to account for that fine flower of English art. His biographer has only been able to furnish a meagre sketch of his parents and of the stock from which they came. The painter did not love publicity. Like Lord Tennyson he "envied the oblivion that now hides every fact of the life of the man whose name stands first in literature." He disliked his own surname because it had no music in it. "I confess," he once said, "I should like to have a fine name and a great ancestry; as it would have been delightful to me to feel as though a long line of worthies were looking down upon me and urging me to sustain their dignity." His grandfather was a cabinet-maker, or a maker of musical instruments in Hereford, where he married Elizabeth Bradford in 1774 and where

* "George Frederick Watts: The Annals of an Artist's Life." By M. S. Watts. Vols. I and II. "His Writings," Vol. III. (Macmillan & Co. 31s. 6d. net.)

be so keen on seeing the dawn! Though unquestionably the most glorious of beholdings it was not the kind of spectacle that usually attracts young people, girls or boys, and not always adults either. She must be of a different temperament from her sisters, who, if he were not mistaken, would never walk a step to witness any Indian sight, however magnificent, unless a pleasant party were made up for the purpose.

Then Somerton remembered that he had promised to take the Rajah to Mrs. Fleetwood's At Home that afternoon. It would be rather sport to meet the little girl again with this dark and dreadful secret between them!

he died early in the last century. His son George Watts established himself as a pianoforte manufacturer in London, and in 1816 married as his second wife a widow who was the daughter of Frederic Smith. On February 23, 1817, their famous son was born in Queen Street, Bryanston Square, and named George after his father and grandfather and Frederick after his mother's favorite brother. There were three children of the first marriage and four sons were born of the second, but three of them died in infancy. Mrs. Watts herself died of consumption in 1826. The two daughters kept house for their father and cared kindly and wisely for their half-brother, George Frederick. Mr. Watts himself drew and painted, though without much skill, and some etchings by Rembrandt and Greuze which he bought at Hereford show that he had artistic taste. His child's frail health prevented him from attending school regularly, but

his father guided his choice of books wisely. Like John Ruskin, his neighbor in Hunter Street, he knew the Bible thoroughly, and when he retold the Old Testament stories in later years, "just by an accent here and there he would throw new and original comment upon them quite his own." He could not recall any time when he did not use a pencil. His father carefully dated and kept many of the boy's drawings and the engravings of which they were very exact copies. The young artist was bent on making the best use of his gifts. Long afterwards he told his wife, "To this steady endeavor I owe everything. Hard work, and keeping the definite object of my life in view, has given me whatever position I now have. And I may add, what I think is an encouragement to others, that very few have begun life with fewer advantages, either of health, wealth, or position, or any exceptional intellect. Any success I may have had is due entirely to steadiness of purpose." At the age of ten he was allowed to go in and out of the studio of William Behnes, who became Sculptor in Ordinary to Queen Victoria. Charles Behnes, an invalid brother, took great interest in the young visitor, whose gifts he had already learned to appreciate highly. A friend of his who was a miniature painter taught George a simple rule for the use of oil colors, and lent him a painting of Lely's to copy. Mr. Watts now ventured to submit some of his son's drawings to Sir Martin Shee, President of the Royal Academy, but the judgment was adverse. "I can see no reason why your son should take up the profession of art." The father's confidence, however, was not shaken. He had made little out of his own life as a business man, but he gave his son every opportunity within his reach. The youth's powers were visibly growing. Once he painted a Van Dyck to see if he

could deceive the Behnes. The sculptor looked at it critically. "Well, I would not venture to say that it is by Van Dyck, but it certainly is by no mean hand." When the trick was confessed he asked angrily why the boy did not always paint like that. The young artist's first studio was built at the back of their house in Roberts Road, Hampstead Road. He was devoted to his work. Once when the conversation turned on the difficulty young people found in rising early, he said, "Don't I know that very well, for I could only overcome the difficulty myself by not going to bed at all: I used not to undress, but rolled myself in a thick dressing-gown, and lay on the floor of my studio, sometimes on two chairs, until I had taught myself to awake and get up with the sun." He never lost that habit. In his eighty-second year he rose at daybreak to resume his work. "If he was ill and obliged to remain in bed, he would generally ask to have the curtains and blinds closed, once explaining, 'I cannot bear it, the light calls to me.'"

Before he was sixteen, Watts was drawing portraits in colored chalk or pencil for a fee of five shillings. After that age he never cost his father anything. In 1835 he entered the Royal Academy Schools, but soon found that he could learn as much in his own studio. The Keeper, Mr. Hilton, thought his work ought to have won a medal, and told the students "That is the way I like to see a drawing done." When Watts showed him a small picture he had painted of a dying knight, he warned him as a friend not to attempt anything original in the way of composition. But the young artist had chosen his own path and followed it, though he realized the need of making careful studies from Nature. The "Wounded Heron," which he exhibited in the Academy of 1837, was painted from a dead bird whose beauty struck

him so much that he bought it at a poulterer's shop. He also exhibited two portraits of young ladies. The painter long regretted that the "Wounded Heron" had been lost sight of, but it came back into his hands in 1888, when a dealer in Newcastle offered it to him for a small sum.

These early years were saddened by ill-health and by the failure of his father's life, but he bravely set himself to maintain the home and to educate himself as well as to study his own art. The Ionides, Greek merchants in London, were his first important patrons. In 1837 Mr. Constantine Ionides offered him £10 for a copy of his father's portrait, for which he had paid Mr. Lane £63. When it was finished he preferred the copy so much that he kept it and sent the original to Constantinople. The artist's generous temper was shown when a client gave him £25 instead of the £20 agreed upon. "Mr. Watts immediately insisted on painting the portrait of the baby, which he threw in!" His character was already formed. About this time he was at the house of a gentleman whose portrait he was painting. To his annoyance the son of the house, a youth of fifteen or sixteen, who was leading a very fast life, offered to walk home with him. Something that the young painter said stirred him to a sense of the misery of his own evil ways, and when they met again several years later, he was tall and handsome, with a brilliant course as a student of science opening before him. He told Mr. Watts that he dated the whole change in his life from the night when they had walked together across the park. When asked about their conversation, Mr. Watts said, "We talked of the stars."

In 1843 he won a premium of £300 for his cartoon, "Caractacus led in Triumph through the Streets of Rome," intended for the decoration of the

Houses of Parliament. He was sketching one of the lions at the Zoological Gardens when it threw its head back for an instant as if at bay, and gave him exactly the pose for the British hero. His prize enabled him to visit France and Italy. On the steamer from Marseilles to Leghorn, he met General Ellice, who introduced him to Lord Holland, then British Minister at Florence. Mr. Watts was just changing his lodgings. Lord Holland said, "Why not come here? We have plenty of room, and you must stay till you find quarters that you like." He remained for four years. That was the chief blessing of his early career. Lady Holland was a notable housewife who kept an eye on every detail of her establishment. She gave the painter strict instructions that he was only to use one room as a studio, but that limit was soon removed, and he was permitted to paint in every room in the house. Mrs. Watts says, "At no time were the conditions of life happier for George Watts; the climate suited him, he was in much better health, he enjoyed the society at the Legation; most people of note, either living at Florence or passing through, being as a matter of course the guests of the British Minister. Lady Holland, as he described her, brilliant, full of humor, fond of society, and at that time speaking French and Italian, perhaps even more fluently than English, made a delightful hostess. Lord Holland, large-hearted and genial, was a sympathetic companion, always certain to appreciate what was best in others—a great lover of the beautiful in art and nature. The young painter made many friends here, and it may be said with truth, that he never lost one. I remember one lady whose father was at that time attached to the Legation saying, 'I was so proud when I was allowed to sit by him at dinner'—and then she added—'and he was so handsome.'"

Amid the luxury of the Legation the painter ate only of the simplest dishes, and drank nothing but water. He toiled at his art early and late, painting many portraits and trying his hand at fresco-painting in the courtyard of the palace. His work in Florence shows little change in its style or character. He drew his pictures with gold or lead point on metallic paper. This permitted no correction to be made, and he always recommended the method to students. He did not make copies of the great masters, but set himself to discover the general principles which they employed. He regarded Michael Angelo's "David" as a bad statue, but the frescoes on the roof of the Sistine Chapel overwhelmed him. "On the whole, as a complete work by one man, they are the greatest things existing." Michael Angelo "stands for Italy almost as Shakespeare does for England."

His father died in 1845. He had seen him on a visit to London in the previous year, but was in Italy at the time of the loss. He was now becoming conscious of his powers. He tells Mr. Ionides in 1846: "If I have not made money, it has been my own fault. With the connection I have made, if I applied myself to portrait-painting I might carry all before me; but it has always been my ambition to tread in the steps of the old masters, and to endeavor, as far as my poor talents would permit, to emulate their greatness. Nor has the sight of their great works diminished my ardor; this cannot be done by painting portraits." He asks for a commission to paint "some patriotic subject, something that shall carry a moral lesson, such as Aristides relinquishing his right to command to Miltiades, that those who look upon it may recollect that the lone hero and patriot thinks not of his own honor or advantage, and is ever ready to sacrifice his personal feelings and his in-

dividual advancement for his country's good. Such subjects grandly painted, and in a striking manner, would not be without effect upon generous minds. Take advantage of my enthusiasm now; I will paint you an acre of canvas for little more than the cost of the material."

He returned to London in 1847 and won a premium of £500 for his cartoon, "Alfred Inciting the Britons to resist the Landing of the Danes by encountering them at Sea." It was bought for the nation and hangs on the walls of a committee-room in the House of Lords. That picture of England's first naval victory is dedicated "to patriotism and posterity." His powers were now gaining recognition. Ruskin wrote in 1849. "Do you know Watts? The man who is not employed on Houses of Parliament—to my mind the only real painter of history or thought we have in England. A great fellow, or I am much mistaken—great as one of these same Savoy knots of rock; and we suffer the clouds to lie upon him, with thunder and famine at once in the thick of them. If you have time when you come to town, and have not seen it, look at 'Time and Oblivion' in his studio." Watts was now at work on portraits of Panizzi, the Librarian of the British Museum, and of Lady Holland. He had begun to cherish his plan for painting his most distinguished contemporaries and presenting them to the nation. He produced some striking portraits. Lady Holland said, "I never know my friends until you have painted them." Mr. Ruskin twitted him with turning his sitters into angels though they were men. Some one else said, "Mr. Watts paints people alone, and with their best thoughts." True portraiture indeed should find the man behind the surface. His own personality, in which there was something higher than charm, accounted for much in his art. The "transcendental self" was al-

ways apparent. "Everything about him seemed an expression of this, and if touched by some thought of specially wide reach from a friend or from a book, the contact with his imaginative Self sent a sort of transfigured look into his face, as if a flame had been lighted."

In 1851 his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Prinsep, went to live in Little Holland House, two miles from Hyde Park Corner. Mr. Watts made his home under their roof. Probably the arrangement was in view from the first, though Mrs. Prinsep said, "He came to stay three days, he stayed thirty years." He was now at work on his great imaginative masterpieces. He offered to execute a fresco on the wall of the Hall at Lincoln's Inn, and in 1853 began his "Justice—A Hemi-cycle of Lawgivers." Ill-health prevented its completion till October 1859. Next April he was entertained to dinner by the Benchers, who presented him with a cup valued at £150 and a purse of £500, in grateful recognition of his generous service. He often said that he believed his best chance of going down to posterity at all worthily, lay with this design.

In the Prinsep circle he was known as Signor. He carried in his pocket a small note-book of indelible paper with a metal point in the sheath. "When his eye fell on any particularly beautiful arrangement in posture or line he would call out, with a gesture of his hand, 'Oh, pray, stay where you are for a moment,' and the note-book was taken out to receive a monumental outline on the tiny page." Mrs. Watts counts these among his finest drawings. She gives some delightful glimpses of the Prinseps and the brilliant circle that gathered round them and their painter friend. Burne-Jones was brought on a visit by Rossetti. Watts described him as "a real genius! really a genius!" Burne-Jones knew his

friend's faculty of appreciation. "Signor," he said, "admires paintings that would make very good soles to his boots." Watts himself did not like to be praised too highly. Mrs. Cameron, Tennyson's friend to whose brilliant amateur photography we owe so many treasures, was ardent in her admiration of Watts, who felt as though he were practising some deception upon her. "She describes a great picture, but it is hers and not mine." His own feeling was thus expressed. "The really great is so far beyond one's reach that comparison becomes an unworthy consideration; to work with all one's heart, but with all singleness of heart is the right thing, and whoso does this may feel satisfied, whatever the result of his labor may be. If I have shown the way to better things I shall be very well contented, but I neither expect nor desire that my work may be considered a great one."

The winters of the late fifties and early sixties were spent by the Prinseps at Esher, where Watts got some hunting which afforded him his nearest approach to the joy of living. "His love and his understanding of a horse," his wife says, "was akin to that which is more commonly given to dogs; and in his art he liked to use the horse as a symbol as much as he liked to use the little child." One masterpiece in the Tate Gallery shows his skill in this branch of his art. The "Mid-Day Rest" was painted from a dray and horses with their carman lent to him by Mr. Charles Hanbury. Mr. Watts had asked a firm of brewers if they could lend him a pair of horses, as he wished to paint that fine breed. He received a curt reply that the firm required no such advertisement. Mr. Hanbury came to the rescue with his kind offer, and the horses were brought to Little Holland House whenever he wished to paint them.

Despite his skill in seizing a like-

ness, Mr. Watts refused many commissions for portraits. "Nature," he said, "did not intend me for a portrait-painter, and if I have painted portraits decently it is because I have tried so very hard, but it has ever cost me more labor to paint a portrait than to paint a subject-picture. I have given it up in sheer weariness; now come what may, my time must in future be devoted to the endeavor to carry out some of my large designs, and if I fail either to make a living or to do anything worthy of an artist (as I understand the term), I fail, but I submit to the drudgery of portrait-painting no longer." His difficulties with the portraits of Carlyle and Mr. Gladstone show how hard he found it sometimes "to paint the man, body, soul, and spirit."

As to the artist's marriage with Ellen Terry, the biography is wisely reticent. "All who have heard his name know also that a beautiful young girl who, with her yet undeveloped genius, was destined later to fascinate and delight thousands of her generation, came into his life, that they were married in February, 1864, and were parted in June 1865, and, except for the accident of one chance meeting in the streets of Brighton, never met again, the marriage being dissolved in 1877."

As the years passed on Mr. Watts devoted himself more and more earnestly to those allegorical pictures which he hoped would prove his title to be considered a real artist. They were not popular with those who forgot "that spiritual and even most intellectual ideas can only be expressed by similes, and that words themselves are but symbols." Thought of future influence made Watts keep working on an unvarnished picture for any number of years. "A design laid in in the 'fifties might be completed ten, twenty, and even thirty years later." Mr. Prinsep once exclaimed, "I never saw such

a fellow as you are, Signor! Why don't you finish one picture before you begin another?" From the doorway Signor replied as he went back to work, "My dear friend, you don't paint a picture as you would make a pair of boots!" To him money-making was a trifle. His object was not merely to enrich the nation, but humanity in general. For this he says, "I have steadily worked on, generally against discouragement, endeavoring by severe labor to acquire knowledge and experience, making large designs both in painting and sculpture with this great end in view."

He tells Mrs. Percy Wyndham, whose portrait he had finished in 1870, how keenly he had been entering into her enjoyment of great art and great nature. He adds, "What depresses me in general is not so much that I cannot give utterance to the 'thoughts that fill my heart to bursting,' though it is painful enough. That people walk through all this glory and only coldly recognize that something is round about them, interesting perhaps when they have time to think upon the matter, after business and the claims of society. With me it is like a religion, in fact, I believe it to be part of the same thing."

He had devoted himself to sculpture and had finished his bust "Clytie," now in the Tate Gallery, and was busy with a recumbent figure of Bishop Lonsdale and a life-sized figure of Mr. Thomas Cholmondeley. He offered to give Mr. Ruskin the tenth of his earnings for St. George's Guild, but adds, "that will amount to very little, for my professional (labors) are not valued in the market; and, after having worked indeed very earnestly for five-and-twenty years, I have not succeeded in realizing enough to give me—after satisfying just claims—if I should be from accident unable to work, £50 a year."

Mr. Watts liked to send his pictures

to an exhibition before they received the last touches, as he learned something by seeing them placed in unfavorable conditions. He held that art, like music and poetry, could inspire and awake, if only for a time, the highest sensibilities of our nature. "If an individual feels, for five minutes, the best part of his nature called into activity, he has been a gainer; and in this way I hope to deserve well of my fellow human-beings." By 1875 there were twelve to fifteen very large pictures, "which it will be a great point of conscience to paint, and I can only hope to succeed by giving up the rest of my life to them."

Undreamed-of sunshine came with his second marriage in November 1886. He had first known Miss Fraser-Tytler as a visitor to his studio in Little Holland House. The girl, who was herself an artist, was struck by the slightly built painter with his fine head and his courteous manner. He had "the simplicity and humility of the immortal child that so often dwells at the heart of true genius." His pathetic poise of the head seemed "as if in dumb beseeching to the fountain of Eternal Beauty for more power to think His thoughts after Him." When they became more intimate, Miss Fraser-Tytler said, "Oh, Signor, when I am with you I grow." In July 1886 the painter told her that he needed her. "I want you to know that I have come to find for you the most profound and tender respect, and the most absolute trust in the qualities of your nature." He was sixty-nine, but the marriage was a true union of hearts which brought untold blessing to the artist and to the lady who became for the rest of his life his good genius.

The Grosvenor Gallery opened its doors in 1877. There "Love and Death" made Watts known to a larger public. "The mind of the painter was speaking for the first time, going into the inti-

mate, into the most sacred hours of life." He now began to receive those letters that he loved, telling how for one and another life had been transformed in its darkest hours through thoughts suggested by his pictures. At the Manchester Institution in 1880 a collection of his chief paintings was first on view. Sir Coutts Lindsay was immensely impressed, and arranged at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1881-2 a winter exhibition of some two hundred of Watts's pictures. Lord Lytton wrote that he had been wandering with gratitude and delight amongst the trophies of his friend's noble life, "all of them stamped with the authentic birthmark of genius." Such praise led to much heart-searching. The painter told Lord Lytton, "I haunt the footsteps of the great dead, those who, while they ennoble their birth-land, enrich the world and ennoble humanity itself. From my childhood I have had a longing to be of that band, but I dare not think it is for me." To another friend he speaks of "The things I do care for being of sufficient size and brightness to shut out obscure personal considerations."

His modesty led him to decline the public dinner arranged to do him honor in 1882, but some of his works were exhibited in Paris and others crossed the Atlantic and won him a host of admirers in America. Mr. Gladstone offered him a baronetcy in 1885, but he could not bring himself to accept the honor. That was the year before his marriage. On their return to London Mrs. Watts began to share his peaceful life of art. Her husband hinted that she need not get up for his early breakfast, but added, "It will be very nice if you can." The little meal was spread in the studio when the lamp-lighter was going round to turn out the lamps. Then the painter's light figure would pass from canvas to canvas, "every movement full of enthu-

siasm and the expression of earnest endeavor." New discoveries were always in store and he was eager to seek them. "Every day is a birthday, every moment of it is new to us; we are born again, renewed for fresh work and endeavor." Sometimes Burne-Jones would look in, delighting them with his humorous sayings or confessing that he had "felt ashamed to walk along the street, because he was certain every person he passed knew quite well what bad work he had that day been doing."

Marriage caused a change in the artist's attitude as to money matters, yet amid new responsibilities he cherished the old spirit. In 1888, when his resources had been strained by illness, he refused an offer of £2,000 for the version of "Hope," which he had set aside for the nation. He worked hard, just as a good pilgrim waiting for his call. "The tick of the clock had in it for him the sound of Time's footsteps. 'I know it,' he said, 'and remember that each line that I draw is one less, one nearer the last.'" A white-smocked laborer once said, "Dear me, it's always harvest-time with Mr. Watts." His deeper thoughts appear in his meditations when the Emperor Frederick was dying. "Life here, with its intimations of perfection, could never be all that man is intended to know; he must develop elsewhere. I feel sometimes as if the human being was an atom in a great Whole—that we are all but as people moving in a dream, and that the dream is from One Brain." As he saw a circle of white-capped peasant women at Aix-les-Bains singing their vespers, "with eyes turned towards the Blessed Mother and Child," he said, "Oh, the pity that such a faith should ever be lost." One Christmas Day he expressed a wish for a seal as a present. When Mrs. Watts asked him to invent a motto for it, he was silent for a second or two,

then he said, "I think I should like to say, 'The Utmost for the Highest.'" Mrs. Watts suggested that there should be a pool reflecting a star. "Oh, yes!" he replied, "a little puddle; that will do beautifully for me." He was increasingly eager to paint his "ethical reflections," for he saw that many around him did not really live. "They only vegetate; and they are not good vegetables either." As to religion he said, "Of this I am sure, that unless we do refer to principles, the principles laid down by the Founder of Christianity, the truest Socialist that ever lived" (altruistic Socialism being understood), "our national life is doomed." A great change might be wrought "if mankind could but realize that the present ideal is wrong—all for self and self-advancement, chiefly by gathering money for self—and would instead try for that grand universal impulse towards helping all to reach a happier and better state of things, 'a heaven might really dawn upon earth.'"

When he visited Farringford to paint Lord Tennyson's portrait the two veterans talked much about their religious beliefs, which were almost identical. Both felt that the world could not get on without a personal God. "The Hebrew conception of a god who can break his own laws to exhibit his power is not so convincing of greatness as is the Power that works within a self-imposed order for higher purposes than the human mind can comprehend." Some one gave the painter Professor Drummond's little book, *The Greatest Thing in the World*. He listened carefully whilst his wife read every line, then he said, "That contains the whole of religion. Do not let us read anything else to-night." Christ's words made a deep impression on his mind. "I would lead to that church with many doors which is illuminated by the great light shining through many windows—the eternal truths preached in the

Sermon on the Mount especially."

In 1890 a crowning joy came through "Limnerslease," his new home at Compton. He was the limner, the artist; whilst the Old English "leasen," to glean, held out a hope of some golden years yet to be gathered in. "I cannot say how much I look forward to it," the old man said. The house was an unqualified success. He had never dreamed to have such a country home, and he enjoyed it with childlike pleasure. Sometimes the tap of his hammer could be heard at four in the morning. He told his wife that as he went out into the twilight and saw the light grow he felt the earth move in its courses—"Myself more distinctly a part of the great universe than ever before." When his wife grew solicitous for his strength and would have had him rest more, he answered hotly, "You are quite wrong, I know I *must* live in the light." In that spirit he spent the last lovely years in Surrey. Mr. Gladstone again offered him a baronetcy in 1894, but it was again refused. He lived among his noble works and his noble thoughts. "If I were ever to make a symbol of the Deity, it would be as a great vesture into which everything that exists is woven." The National Portrait Gallery was opened in 1895 with fifteen portraits in oils and two drawings which he presented to the nation. More than double that number now hang there illustrating his judgment that a "portrait should have in it something of the monumental; it is a summary of the life of the person, not the record of accidental position, or arrangement of light and shadow." In 1897 the Tate Gallery was opened with a room devoted to his allegorical pictures. Mrs. Meads once called him "The painter of eternal truths." That, he said, was the only title he would ever take. He did not claim more for his pictures than that they were "Thoughts, attempts to embody vision-

ary ideas. But I believe that from a successful attempt to carry out the principle which governs my efforts might come the noblest pictures the world has seen." "I want," he said, "to make art the servant of religion by stimulating thought high and noble. I want to assert for art a nobler place than it has hitherto had." He described himself with exquisite modesty as "One of the smallest who have endeavored after something, my work has ever been a failure, because my perceptions have been too big for my hands." To spend an hour before such pictures as "The All Pervading" and "The Dweller in the Innermost," or "The Court of Death" and the two impressive scenes, "Love and Life" and "Love and Death," will make any one understand why the painter felt his brain to be mightier than his brush.

His later years robbed him of many tried friends, but his devotion to his life work never faltered. Each day was welcomed with a burst of praise. He was glad when night was over because he wanted to get to his sculpture or painting. He wrote to Lady Burne-Jones: "Mary and I find our days only look in upon us to nod and say good-bye." At eighty-five he felt that he was beginning to understand how to paint. Death had no terrors for one who had clothed it with the white robes of an angel. He told his wife, "I often catch a glint of that white garment behind my shoulder, and it seems to me to say, 'I am not far off.'" One morning in his last days, he beckoned his wife and her friend to come nearer. "He had looked into the Book of Creation, and understood that the whole could be comprehended—made plain from that other point of view which was not our earthly one. 'A glorious state,' he called it, and we looked on the face of one who had at last seen 'true being' when he said, 'Now I see that great Book, I see that

great Light.' He came up to work on his "Physical Energy" in Kensington, and thence on July 1, 1904, as he once said of a friend, he took the better journey. He was laid to rest in the graveyard at Compton which seemed to have put on its full summer beauty to welcome him who had so long loved those scenes. His wife has

The London Quarterly Review.

not only given us the record of his beautiful life but has added a volume of her husband's writings and sayings. The volumes have illustrations of his chief masterpieces, from which the future as well as the present will draw inspiration to work out his own glorious motto: "The Utmost for the Highest."

John Telford.

TURKEY'S ASIATIC PROBLEMS.

For some occult reason, Europe has always been afraid of the Turks. In her bravest moods, she has found it necessary to screw up her courage very tightly before confronting them, like a superstitious man resolving to enter a haunted house.

How extravagantly the popular imagination was fired by those futile excursions, the Crusades! No doubt communications were more arduous and irregular before the days of the Orient Express. Mr. Cook and Mr. Baedeker had not planted the idea of mobility in our minds. We still made our wills before crossing the Channel. But there was no good reason for the cowardice of the Crusaders. Their huge hordes travelled most of the way through friendly country, all the resources of the civilization of their age were at their service, the enemy was rather mysterious than formidable. Yet the one small prize, on which so much blood and treasure were lavished, still remains in the grip of Mahound. Mashallah! the Afrits must, indeed, have cast some very potent spells.

See, again, how Christendom cowered when the Paynim started crescent-ades, overran half Europe and battered at the gates of Vienna. The honor, the civilization, the chivalry of the West were sacrificed with helpless apathy as they had been when Vandals arrived, as they are when scientific

farmers are invaded by locusts. I maintain that magic alone, or at least the imbecility of the whole continent, can explain the tame tolerance of a Turkish Empire in Europe during five hundred years.

Reflect how easy the conquered territory would have been to reclaim. Why, a handful of hardy mountaineers under Milosh Obrenovitch sufficed to wrest Servia permanently from Ottoman rule. The very Greeks, or rather the chattering Levantines who usurp the name of Greek, secured emancipation with little more help than the songs of an English poet. How much more easily then might united and patriotic Powers have combined to secure Europe for the Europeans.

But they regarded Mr. Gladstone's bag-and-baggage policy as little more than a fanatic's dream. When the Tsar Liberator reached the suburbs of Constantinople, he was quietly packed home by diplomatists, who deliberately labored to limit the liberation. A great tract of country, extending to Western waters, remained under the heel of a semi-nomadic race, with no notions of administration beyond haphazard rapacity in the matter of taxation. When any nation seemed to take the part of the rayahs, it was usually for some selfish motive, and the Sultan had no difficulty in staving off each crisis by appeals to the jealousy of rival heirs

to his dominions. The spell of Turkey no longer acted through the Osmanli's sword, but through the fears which Christian countries entertained for one another.

And this artificial equilibrium might have continued to this day, nay or centuries longer, had not Turkey voluntarily surrendered her old order. Ask any typical Turk, and he will confess that the Revolution signed the death-warrant of his Empire. We may smile over his belief that defeat and dismemberment are Heaven's direct punishment for disloyalty to the Khalif. Heaven has allowed Servia to thrive under Peter Karageorgevitch's blood-stained sceptre. But the changes in Turkey were organic as well as premature. Rayahs continued to be oppressed, but were accorded the honor of fighting for their oppressors—and surprise was shown when they ran away. A caricature of Parliament was convened, and solemn patriarchs came from uttermost Asia to observe and report confusion and corruption. Young Turk was but Old Turk writ large. Traditional espionage, robbery, tyranny were expanded and perfected in the name of Liberty. A secret committee was supreme, rewarding Press criticisms with murder, casting independent politicians into dungeons, starving the national services to enrich individual patriots. Was it then strange that the last Ottoman garrisons should be swept out of Africa; that ragged, hungry, half-armed soldiers should be beaten back to the uttermost confines of Europe?

We are accustomed to regard the Osmanli as Asiatics. But is there a future for them even in Asia? Are they not doomed to disappear like Trojans or Carthaginians? It is certainly clear that, with their present methods and their present leaders, their day of rule is done. The magic of their occult power fades in the sunlight and

the most credulous of statesmen cease to believe or tremble. The feet of clay have no place whereon to rest their soles.

As Mr. Churchill has said, *l'appétit vient en mangeant*. The cravings of all Turkey's enemies—old, new, and prospective—are by no means exhausted by the expansion of a few trumpety Balkan States. The Sick Man's malady will not be cured miraculously by a change of continent, and his heirs will not cease to anticipate his demise. Let us remember, to begin with, that the alleged subjects of his great remoter empire are of very different stuff from the patient Christians of Macedonia. Just as the fighting Albanians maintained Abdul Hamid on his throne and then overthrew him in a moment of madness, so will the tail still wag the dog in Asia. Reflect what ages have passed since there has been any effective Turkish sovereignty in Mesopotamia or Arabia or Yemen.

Why, even all the resources of modern military nations would be taxed to the utmost in order to reduce fierce nomad chieftains to subjection. Algeria and the greater part of Tunisia are orderly enough, but the French, after long occupation, do not venture many miles into the desert for fear of masked Tuaregs. How many years they will devote to their adventure in Morocco must depend on their own revived energy, as well as on the patience of the Germans. How many centuries the Italians will require to approach the hinterland of Tripoli is a problem for the laughter of the Latin gods.

Of course, the pacificatory triumphs of the British in the Sudan show that deserts may still be made to blossom as the rose. But we have so far displayed no expansive aspirations within a few miles' radius of Aden. When I visited that hospitable garrison, I found that hesitations were chronic even about permits for a visit to the Sultan of

Lahej, a Sabbath-day's journey inland. He was our friend, almost our ally; he could have been made our humble servant by a small increase in the number of the guns of his salute. The circumscription of his mind may be gauged by the fact that he nearly broke off diplomatic relations when a hotel parrot at Aden screamed the deadly Somali insult, "Abaos!" as he passed with his retinue. He stopped his procession, dismounted, drew his sword, and demanded the blood of the bird. Yet when a tourist desired to shoot in his territory, as often as not he would be restrained because a state of "war" was alleged to be existing in the vicinity.

I mention these trifles to illustrate the sensitive hesitation of Anglo-Indian policy with regard to the fringe of the interior of Arabia. It serves to emphasize the infinite impotence of Arabia's nominal rulers, thousands of miles away, even in the heyday of their imperial pride. And now that Turks are being driven helter-skelter out of Europe, the prospects of even nominal rule in uttermost Asia must be discounted far below par.

The news of disaster travels fast and far, and the Young Turks went out of their way to herald it by summoning deputies to a parliament at the capital. We can picture remote tribesmen rejoicing in membership of an Empire which possessed glorious traditions, consolidated a fanatical creed under one Khalif, and yet never sought to interfere with desert liberties. In the same spirit, your Canadian, or even Australian, may plausibly profess vague fealty to a British monarch, actually offer the loan of a few ships until their return shall be required. But take the case of the Member for Nejd or Bagdad. Appreciate his old-world chivalry, courage, and romantic commonsense. See him take the journey of his life, riding and sailing for weary

weeks and endless miles from primitive simplicity to the foul corruption of the cesspool on the Golden Horn. Watch the process of disillusion as all his old ideals are shattered one by one, as he wallows in an atmosphere of greed, intrigue, and sordid treachery. Then imagine the pilgrim's tale on his return, his reports of babbling speeches, of proffered bribes, of misappropriated funds, of wooden bullets, of sybaritic pashas, of patient shame. Hear the angry, half-incredulous grunts over the coffee round the campfire as all the sorry story is exposed. . . . What need to emphasize the sort of answer which chivalry will return when next invited to bolster a moribund bureaucracy with mediæval treasure and the blood of braves?

A wireless message has gone forth from the last ditches of Chatalja throughout the valleys and mountains and wildernesses of Asiatic Turkey proclaiming the decay of the old phantom overlord, the vanity of all his specious spells, the broken reed. Gone are all the haughty delusions of holy wars, of the solidarity of Islam, of the omnipotent indignation of militant millions. Yet many weeks have not passed since sober statesmen prated with bated breath of awful consequences inseparable from Turkish reverses. The green flag had only to be unfurled and every Moslem in India would rise against the *giaours*. Snussis would overrun Barbary and drive Europeans into the sea, a great wave of religious zeal would compel all men to acknowledge Allah and Muhammad, the Prophet of Allah. Yet the Turkish usurpation now disappears unmourned by the Moslem world; Islam is quietly seeking new protectors, at least a better figurehead.

After all, there is no reason why a fresh Asiatic, Moslem Empire should not arise out of Ottoman ashes. It must, of course, begin by sweeping away the ashes into a pit, out of sight

and out of mind; it must inaugurate a bag-and-baggage policy beyond Gladstonian dreams, and the hour must produce the man for the work of regeneration. That need not be so hard a pro-creation as we think. What a Mahdi and a Khalifa began in the Sudan might well be carried to completion in Asia, the cradle of religions, the happy hunting-ground of conquerors. But not by the effete race whose type is a fat amorous gentleman in a fez and a frock coat.

The Turk's only excuse was military prowess. He subjugated people and made them minister to his wants. He became a successful parasite, an irresponsible plunderer of others' hives. But he never acquired the elements of organization. Even now, in his death-throes, he is still haggling for the abolition of the Capitulations and of European post-offices within his borders. No doubt it must be humiliating for an Empire not to be trusted with the administration of justice to foreigners, or even with the distribution of their letters. Still, the Turks themselves know as well as anyone how incapable they are of performing either of these simple tasks. They have not the most elementary notions of justice. No code, no rules of evidence, no sense of equity would ever weigh with them against the litigant with the longer purse. Whenever they have tried to handle letters, they have stolen such contents as seemed of value, detained correspondence indefinitely to copy and translate it, failed to make provision for catching trains and steamers or for regular deliveries from house to house.

Nowadays the solution of most political problems is to be found in finance. We may talk for ever about national ideals, yearnings for liberty, glorious traditions, and all the rhymer's stock-in-trade; but, alas! all these fine sentiments become the playthings of men who spend their lives in gathering

gold. Even the Crusades were probably financed by the Jews. The modern world is a cockpit of financial groups, who play with men's lives and nations' destinies. When Italy started filibustering in Barbary, no intelligent spectator inquired about grievances or rights; the obvious task was to find the financier. Though Bulgaria may have been impelled by love to emancipate distressed Macedonian brethren, a more effective impulse was provided by banking-houses. So now we are to ask, not what the Turks or the Arabs or the Powers mean to do in Asia, but what is the will of the financiers.

It is important to harp on this point, so that readers may realize a financial rather than a diplomatic or national atmosphere. Labor parties desire to internationalize foreign affairs in the interest of peace and industrial development; they may eventually render war impossible by universal strikes. Financiers, being international (or nationless) men, have already done some of this work, obliterated frontiers and sterilized popular aspirations—in the interest of their own pockets. New motives overshadow the old. A kingdom may still covet a port or a colony, or the monopoly of a sea, but will not be allowed to steal as well as covet unless this suits the ledgers of the Lombards.

Remembering how German compensations were shuttle-cocked after the Agadir incident, we may anticipate a big long game of bluff over the settlement of Asia. The aims of high contracting parties will be circumscribed by thoughts about probable repayments of loans, about the effect of custom duties upon certain trades, about the family ties of ministers and company directors. These are the lofty ideals of which patriots are compelled to shed their blood, groaning taxpayers to maintain bloated armaments. This is the grinding plutocracy or aglocracy

which calls aloud for a new Muhammad.

The German Emperor has long aspired to play some such Messianic part, and he seemed well qualified, for he combines mediæval enthusiasms with the support of a strong financial group; he is a war-lord with a keen eye for peaceful persuasion; he was subtle and supple enough to love Abdul Hamid and then to bless Abdul Hamid's betrayers. But his prestige has been severely strained. His generosity in the matter of military instructors; Von der Goltz Pasha's declaration that Turkish armies were *feldtüchtig*, even invincible; a long and strenuous obstruction of every demand for Macedonian reforms—all these compliments have been discounted by the cruel logic of events. German training has proved worthless in the face of French artillery and Turkish corruption.

Moreover, Germany was always well paid for her affection. The Bagdad railway concession may not be worth all she anticipated, but at least it is what she chiefly desired. She suffers no practical hurt from the discomfiture of her ally; indeed, she gains a pretext for huge additions to her offensive forces. It is still very early to foresee a check to her hopes of Asiatic penetration. Doubtless it was a wild dream to make Austria and Roumania and Constantinople and Asiatic Turkey an avenue for the invasion of Egypt—but not wilder than the current scares about aeroplane invasions of England.

And German aspirations are by no means new in Asia. Long before attacking Tripoli, Italy had diligently paved the way with subsidized traders, missions, all the preliminary propaganda of tradition. Meanwhile, there has been a precisely similar activity on the part of Germany in all the vulnerable regions of Asiatic Turkey. The Emperor's interest in the holy places, strange perhaps in a Protestant pro-

tagonist, was explained by his romantic disposition. But the steady, obstinate activity of his subjects in Syria has been organized during the last ten years in a very businesslike way. Beyruth has become a regular place of call for German steamers; a small but wealthy German colony has established a German Bank of Palestine there, not to mention a German post-office, two German hotels, a German orphanage, a German hospital, and two German pharmacies. The Bank of Palestine and the leading German business houses at Beyruth all have branches at Damascus, and are spreading their tentacles over the whole region. Scarcely a week passes without witnessing the arrival of German families, who settle down in the neighborhood without noise or fuss, according to some pre-arranged plan.

It is not very long since the French were our only serious rivals in Syria (if, indeed, the French can ever be regarded as serious commercial rivals). Now we may find, almost any fine day, that the Germans have eclipsed both nations in numbers, activity and prosperity. A convenient disturbance or massacre will afford a pretext for German intervention, and the usual diplomatic demonstrations will be required to restore the *status quo*.

In any case, Syria cannot remain for many generations a province of a moribund Turkey. The vultures are already on the wing, with all the hungry expectation that was devoted to Macedonia. We may expect a dreary repetition of the old, old drama of the Eastern question, varied only by a little scene shifting further to the East. The *Entente* with France is too unnatural to remain cordial very long; at any rate, fidelity is incompatible with French frivolity; and Syrian questions may soon suffice to reproduce the sort of hysteria which sprang from the swamps of Fashoda.

Once eliminate German aspirations—how pitifully easy a task that is, the poor disillusioned Germans are beginning to learn for themselves—and the old healthy rivalries between good-natured Albion and perfidious Gaul may be satisfactorily resumed. I say satisfactorily, for history has never hesitated about colonial issues between England and France. Pondicherry, the heights of Abraham, the dual control of Egypt, indicate the results of any possible rivalries in Asiatic Turkey.

A trip from Zaila to Djibouti suffices for an illustration. In British Somaliland you find friendly, honest, contented natives, all zealous for British drill, all patriotic exponents of our Empire. A few miles away, under a French governor, the same tribesmen of the same race are insolent, unbridled rascals, ever ready to mock or to murder.

The French are themselves the first to admit the contrast. Only the other day I read in the *Paris Journal* how British rulers in Nigeria check insubordination by threatening to refuse taxes, whereupon Nigerians, assuming that protection will also be withheld, cringe and crave to be allowed to pay; and, as a contrast, how French rulers in Indo-China not only establish a monopoly of alcohol, but actually compel unfortunate Annamites to consume so many litres of French alcohol every year.

And here is the testimony of M. Besnard, a Frenchman who was interviewed by the *Temps*: "It is impossible for the Mussulmans of Syria not to make a very unfavorable comparison between the position of their co-religionists in Algeria under French rule and their position under English rule in Egypt. In Egypt the English at once laid down the principle that the burden of taxation was to be equally divided between the Mussulmans and Europeans. Compulsory labor was abolished. In Algeria, after eighty

years, the burden of the land tax still falls exclusively on the Mussulman, and various forms of compulsory labor continue to exist. In Egypt the English have given the Mussulmans the means of making known their needs and grievances. Nothing similar is to be found in Algeria. Mussulmans, if they were forced to emigrate, would all prefer to live in Egypt rather than in Algeria, because they know that the vast majority of Mussulmans are perfectly satisfied, while in Algeria the opposite is true." What, then, would be the result of a Moslem plebiscite in Syria, if there were ever a question between French and British suzerainty?

The simplest solution of all Turkey's impending problems in Asia would be to solicit an informal British protectorate. Traditional sentiments would concur, for though professional politicians may come and go, the typical Turkish peasant, nature's chivalrous, grateful, great-hearted gentleman, still regards Britain as his ancient ally; he points to the tombstones at Scutari across the Bosphorus, and recalls the fact that we fought for him against his hereditary foe; he cherishes the name of Disraeli; he refuses to believe that we will abandon him in his hour of need. And we now happen to belong to the right group of financiers—a fact of far greater political importance than sentimental sympathies. Instead of sending military instructors with empty compliments and wooden bullets, we can supply the sinews of war, restore confidence and self-respect in the old continent, develop national resources without hurting the susceptibilities of a difficult and suspicious civilization. If our Foreign Office were as well officered as our Admiralty; if, instead of a badly oiled wooden prig, we had a clairaudient, omniscient Admirable Crichton at our diplomatic helm, we might now establish a preponderating influence in Asia. A Turkish or Turco-

Arabian Empire might sterilize the danger of Sir Edward Grey's abject invitations to Russia to appropriate India.

Turkey is obviously impotent to solve her own Asiatic problems. Even if Abdul Hamid were restored to power with faculties undimmed by torture and exile, his stupendous genius would be taxed to the utmost if he endeavored to pursue his old policy of playing one culture against another. But Russian advisers might be equal to some such task. No one seems to have understood how ominous was the stealthy calm of Russian aloofness during recent holocausts. No doubt Russia egged on Bulgaria, but not in order to create an unmanageable Bulgarian Empire with aspirations of its own. No doubt Russia would like to annex Constantinople, but she would be fully satisfied to share the passage of the Dardenelles with a Bulgarian vassal, or even a Bulgarian ally. No doubt she is looking over her shoulder for an opportunity of making the Black Sea a Slav *mare clausum*, which might become possible if Bulgaria succeeded in robbing Roumania of the Dobrudja. But Russia's main target is Asia.

Her invasion of India is not likely to occur even in the lifetime of her subconscious servant, Sir Edward Grey. But the south coast of the Black Sea does not appear an unreasonable compensation for all her amazing moderation. She has no sincere sympathy with Armenian lamentations, but she is well used to regard herself as a protector of Christians, however heretical, and mercenary Armenians are ever ready to invite atrocities or afford pretexts for intervention.

The Kurds are a fighting race, not unlike the Albanians. They treat the soft, huckstering Armenians in much the same spirit as Albanians treated the cringing Christians of the vilayet of Kosovo. Abdul Hamid was always held personally responsible if a Kurd

crucified or impaled an Armenian usurer, or burned his homestead or battered out the brains of his babes. The Young Turks accomplished their applauded revolution; it was almost immediately followed by an exceptionally cruel massacre—Adana being practically wiped out in 1909—yet no philanthropist made the faintest murmur either in St. Petersburg or Exeter Hall.

The fact is, massacres are either inconvenient or useful. When Russia anticipates their usefulness in Kurdistan, care will be taken to supply correspondents with sensations for their missives. This even may happen: the Turks, straggling away from Europe, may quietly oust Armenians from their villages—indeed, I am told that their hegira is already drifting in that direction. Next imagine the relations between the feudal lords of Kurdistan and fugitive settlers from Kirk Kilisse or Adrianople. The irony of fate might provide us with a cinematograph of Russian intervention to save Turkish immigrants from the persecution of the Kurds.

Meanwhile, Russia has to reckon with an inflated Bulgaria, and Bulgaria has to discount the form of the Greek walk-over. Wisely or unwisely, the Turks concentrated their efforts on the defence of their capital and left the western vilayets to the easy occupation of Servians and Greeks. One result has been that modern Greeks are rapidly assuming airs which only belong to the very different people whose guile defeated the Trojans. Yet the modern Greeks are already displaying Asiatic aspirations.

Their demand for all the islands of the Aegean shows their hand more clearly than any of their manifestos or campaigns. Certain islands are geographically theirs, European islands of little or no strategic importance. But what may be called the Asiatic islands can only be required as stepping-stones

to Asiatic conquest, as instalments of the half-mythical Greek empire, which Athenian chauvinists clamor to restore. Already the seizure of Rhodes has afforded a warning of inconveniences ahead.

Smyrna had hitherto been the clearing-house of all the island trade. Now the imposition of import duties by the Greeks at the island ports and the absence of bonded warehouses at Smyrna are forcing the islands to use Greece as their direct avenue to the outer commercial world. Of course, no one can blame Greece for snatching such advantages. But the consequences to Smyrna may be very serious—indeed, she will perhaps come to desire annexation by Greece. The same fate will also overtake other flourishing ports overshadowed by islands.

These dangers are well understood at the Porte, where diplomatic craft is by no means yet extinct. Indeed, the obstinate haggling over the retention of Adrianople, when that city was clearly doomed, now becomes more easy to understand. Adrianople should never, never be surrendered; as for the islands, their fate might well be left to the discretion of the Powers. Such was Turkish bluff, the eventual abandonment of an untenable fortress being intended as a supreme plea for the retention of essential islands.

In fact, the Turks have been far quicker than Europe in realizing the possibilities of Greek ambition. A Greek has so long been synonymous with a card-sharper, the bluster of tub-thumpers in petticoats has aroused so much ridicule that Venizelos' work of regeneration has not been taken seriously. Yet he has accomplished wonders with his very raw material. Other-

The Fortnightly Review.

wise even huge numerical superiority would not have made possible the promenades to Salonica and Janina.

Why then dismiss the aspirations of modern Greeks as idle dreams? Is it that their rivals are formidable? Is there a reason why their promenades in Europe should not be repeated in Asia? If their navy is not that of Nelson, at least they believe they inherit a fondness for salt water. Still more important nowadays, they are high graduates in commercial arts. One Greek is proverbially a match for three Israelites. Trade may or may not follow the flag, but the flag always stands a chance of appearing in the wake of trade.

The burthen, then, of these pages is that, the more Turkey changes, the more she remains the same. She has an appropriate emblem in a crescent which never grows up into a full moon. Her present respite in Asia is a mere prolongation of her old problems. Producing nothing, assimilating nothing, learning nothing, forgetting nothing, she does not qualify for government. But she may still maintain an unstable equilibrium by effacing herself and reducing government to a minimum. Mock parliaments and melodramatic conspirators and secret societies must be set aside. Decentralization must be expanded into autonomy until bonds of empire bind no more tightly than the imagination of men's hearts. The loyal imagination of desert races, the fiery impulse of a fighting Prophet's creed, an instinctive distrust of Occidental restlessness—such are the soundest links in a spiritual chain which may yet barricade an Asiatic Empire for another thousand years.

Herbert Vivian.

THE LOSS OF THE BELOVED.

It was the summer after the Beloved had ascended the throne and Paris had gone mad over the Coronation. The Beloved was not only young and beautiful but gracious: he was generous as well. His soul had not yet been strangled by his ministers, his courtiers, his mistresses. He had fine dreams. Every peasant should have a fat fowl in the pot o' Sundays, and receive the millennium at the hands of the Beloved. The Seigneurs should have their powers of life and death over the bodies and souls of the peasants abrogated. The Seigneurs would sulk, of course. One is not master of life and death as a birthright to give it up without a grievance. The Beloved was ready for all that. France should blossom and sing: the harvests would be great: the laden fruit-trees by the public roads should bend to drop their fruit into the parched mouth of the wayfarer and the tired husbandman. There would be domestic peace, domestic honor, under the little roof-trees of France. The Seigneurs would be saved from the fruit of their own sins. The Beloved, with the innocence of his youth ambrosial upon him, had a vision of blood and horror averted because the Seigneurs were to be arrested in their career of cruelty and luxury.

There was a fête champêtre by moonlight at Versailles. Versailles was wreathed in roses. Fair shepherdesses, their hats and crooks garlanded with roses, drove their sheep on the velvet lawns in an illumination great as day and stranger. It was the Feast of Roses. All the rose-gardens of Versailles were in full bloom. Every door, every window, all the arches and pilasters of the palace were twined with wreaths of roses

and roses of light. The fine company strolled and whispered and ogled and made love in a phantom daylight in which the roses were shadowy.

The Beloved wore a domino of white satin. It was his whim to pass unnoticed: not so easy a thing to do, for few of his courtiers matched his height, and none his elegance,—so that he was followed by nymphs and shepherds, fauns and dryads in a train.

At last in a press of the crowd he slipped from them all down a leafy alley. He was somewhat weary of the nymphs and shepherds who were in pursuit of him every day, especially the nymphs. He was still in his immaculate youth. The Queen, his mother, had prayed for him all her days, "Keep my one son unspotted from the world!" He had grown up in an atmosphere austere and plous. Gravely noble precepts upon the duty of a King had been spilled in his ear since he began to hear. He had emerged into the world a knight, a paladin. Already the songs of the sirens were in his ears. Roses were weaving him a net he would have broken through if the links had been of steel. The splendor, which to his mother's eyes had been tawdry, seemed the proper setting for his youth and kingship. Yet there were moments when he could have burst all his bonds, have flung aside all the glittering toys, to be out in the pure breath of the mountains which had filled his being when his mother was by his side.

It had not yet come to him that the advisers of a King, his courtiers, his friends, may be leagued together to destroy his soul. His soul was still inviolate, and he had the eyes of the St. George of Donatello. Fortunately

he had no prevision—the curtain was down—of an old man, shambling and gross, the slave of his pleasures, loose-lipped, his eyes full of the dust of the world and its disillusionment.

A pink mask, with a rose-colored scarf streaming, fled before him down the alley—and suddenly youth, hot and eager, was fast on her track. In and out through the trees she eluded him, till the gardens and lawns of the palace were left behind and they were in solitary spaces, silent save for the songs of the nightingales as they answered each other from hill to hill. The dew was on the night like a benediction, and the moon above the roof of trees silvered the world.

Sometimes it might have been a star he followed, for a jewel in her hair or her ear caught the moonlight as she fled and broke it into facets. Now he had almost caught her by the floating scarf. Again she was quite beyond his reach and nothing stirred in the dusk of the alleys, till some sound warned him, and he was on her track again.

He was hotly interested in the pursuit. The nymphs of the Court had hardly stirred the senses only half awake. He was too concerned with the great projects that made the ministers smile within their beards to be easily drawn aside. Now for the first time he forgot he was a King, with so much to do to set the world right that a long life would hardly be long enough to do it in. He was a youth, and here was a maid, breathing rose-leaves as she went, rose-cheeked, rose-fingered, fresh as Aurora.

In a glade in the moonlight he caught her at last, and while she struggled in his hold he was aware that she was as frightened as a bird.

"Oh, sir," she entreated, between her sobbing breaths, "I beg you to let me go. Madame my grandmother's maid, should have met me with a

coach by this time at the *Porte des Fées*. She will be terrified to think what has become of me."

"I myself will take you to the *Porte des Fées*," he said, "as soon as I have seen my captive's face."

The two little hands clung to him. The mask still hid her face to below the eyes. She was swathed about in the pink satin of her hood. But he was aware that the thing who trembled under his touch was a very young girl, soft and immature, with the bright daring of childhood in the eyes behind the mask.

He drew her to him while he lifted the hood. For the first time he was aware, or thought he was, that the hair was purple black, as dark as grapes when the juice is ready to burst the skin. That in itself showed she was no woman of the world in a day when all went powdered. With a hand that trembled he unfastened the mask, groping in the silkiness of her hair. He felt as though his hands were buried in rose-leaves. The most delicious scent of fresh roses seemed to envelop him as he bent above her.

At last the mask was off. It was a small, pure, childish face, the face of a young roguish angel under the hood and mask. The eyes were lifted to his. He had forgotten that he was wearing a domino.

"Who are you, child?" he asked, with a strange thrill of joy in his voice.

"I am Jeanne Marie Madeleine de Saint Amande, and I live with my grandmother, the Comtesse de Saint Amande, in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Now, Monsieur, please will you take me to the *Porte des Fées*, where old Margot will be on her knees praying for my safety. It would ruin her if my grandmother were to know."

"I will take you there presently." He lifted the little hand and kissed it. "Trust me, Mademoiselle de St.

Amande. But how comes it that a little demoiselle like you should be at the King's Fête?"

"Why, that is just it, Monsieur. I will tell you. I am no longer afraid of you, because your voice is kind. I am come here for the special purpose of seeing the King. Now I am afraid I shall not see him. Is he as handsome as they say?"

"Little Mademoiselle Jeanne Marie Madeleine de St. Amande, he is as like me as a twin-brother, as two peas, what you will."

"But you forget I have not seen you, Monsieur."

"*Mille pardons*, Mademoiselle, you shall see me. You shall judge then if the King is as handsome as they say."

Off went the white satin domino. The deer were feeding in the glades, undisturbed by the far-away music of Versailles as they would have been if Paris had been burning. He stood up slender and tall in his suit of white satin powdered with jewels. His hair, newly dressed, smelt of essences. His skin, of a dazzling fairness, showed the first down of manhood. His features were noble and delicate. The star on his breast blazed as though the moon herself had come down to be threaded through with his ribbon.

She did not ask him how he came to be so like the King. She only looked at him demurely, her eyes mysterious in the shadow of the night and her heavy lids. The large pure lids. If the Beloved had known anything of physiognomy he would have known that the heavily-lidded eyes were the eyes of the Saint—and what youth in the first ardor of love desires the innamorata to be all saintly?

She gazed at him for a moment steadfastly. Then she said:

"I thank you, Monsieur, that if I have not seen the King, I have seen

one who is so like him. Now, please, give me my mask and my hood and take me as you have promised to the Porte des Fées. I should be afraid of the dancers."

"We shall go to the Porte des Fées by a short way. But, before we go, Mademoiselle, I pray you to tell me why you wished to see the King."

"Because—I am intended for the Carmelites, Monsieur. Madame my grandmother will not leave me alone in a world of evil, she says, and she is very old. I have no dot. The Saint Amandes have come down in the world. At the Carmelites I shall be safe. But Margot, my nurse, she thinks it a tyranny of my grandmother to send me to the Carmelites. She says: 'See the world, my lamb, before you give it up.' As though it were possible for a nobly-born demoiselle to see the world while yet unmarried. She complains that I have hardly seen a man, yet I am given to the Carmelites. I have seen a man now and spoken with him, and he can be very kind. I have seen and spoken with few men, unless the Abbé Richard, the director of Madame my grandmother. Margot has said: 'See the King, my little one, and you shall know what you are leaving.' I have seen Monsieur."

"And—having seen Monsieur——?"

His voice trembled with eagerness.

"The world is full of snares," said the little girl sententially. "There is no place in it for a demoiselle of my quality whose family is poor. The Carmelites will be very safe, Monsieur. I have the honor to wish Monsieur a good-night."

The Beloved said something under his breath which it was as well the Demoiselle de Saint Amande did not hear. He replaced her mask and hood. If his hand trembled as he did it, she was not aware. He would not have frightened her for worlds.

Having resumed his own domino hastily he offered Mademoiselle an arm. From the glade of the feeding deer they passed into the shadow of woodland paths. The paths wound round and round in a maze. Ever the music to which the people danced and the rosy glow of light gave them the clue, else they might have wandered half the night and strayed into deeper forests. The scent of the night was intoxicatingly sweet. Little woodland creatures played about their path or fled before their feet. Sometimes the branches barred the way, and they had to creep below them. Nothing could exceed the courteous grace of the Beloved's manner. The Demoiselle might have been as old as her grandmother, the Countess, for all the ardor he allowed to escape through his speech or his eyes—or so he thought.

"Madame de Saint Amande should come to Court," he said, as they were crossing the Allée des Fées to the gate. "They are a noble and distinguished family, the Saint Amandes. We desire to honor such. She should come to Court."

"Ah, Monsieur, she will not," the little girl replied sadly. "Madame de Saint Amande has suffered much. If M. de Saint Amande, my father, had but lived! He was killed in the service of the late King. I thank you, Monsieur. Now I will not detain you longer. Yonder I see Margot sitting in the shadow of the acacia. She is weeping, poor soul. Her son, August, drives the coach. How it rattled as we came: but I did not care, for I was going to see the King."

"Mademoiselle sometimes walks, it may be, in the gardens," he said hastily.

"Only to and from Church, Monsieur. Notre Dame des Victoires. Margot always attends me. You know Notre Dame des Victoires among its illacs."

"In the mornings?"

"Sometimes in the evenings as well for the Benediction."

As he handed the demoiselle into the coach, through the slit of the domino his star glittered and flashed in the eyes of old Margot, who had come out of her weeping to a bubbling excitement of relief.

"We shall be home after all before the midnight," she said: "and Madame la Comtesse will not hear the door go because of her deafness, although she sleeps the broken sleep of her age. Tell me, then, my little lady, my lamb, my beauty, if you saw the King, and who was the fine gentleman that befriended you. If you could know what your old Margot suffered while she waited! Praise be to Our Blessed Lady that you are safely returned."

"I did not see the King, Margot," said the demoiselle, "but I saw a gentleman who was as like him as two peas."

"And what was his name, my lamb?"

"I do not know," Mademoiselle returned. "Only that he was very kind. I was dreadfully frightened at first, much too frightened to look about me for the King. Some masks spoke to me, and I felt as though I must run to the ends of the earth away from them. How I longed for my own little room with the lamp burning, at the feet of Our Lady! I would have given anything to look for you at the Porte des Fées, but I did not know the way back again, and I did not dare to ask. So I slipped into the darkness and wandered away. Then I found some one was in pursuit of me, and I was dreadfully frightened, so frightened that I could hardly call on Our Blessed Lady, and the sound of my heart thumping in my ears was so great that I thought I should have fainted. But, after all, it was my friend who

followed me—who was so like the King. Do you think, Margot, he was St. Michael, who is the patron of our house?"

"I think he was a very fine gentleman with a fine star on his breast," said old Margot, clucking to herself: "and I shouldn't be surprised, my cherished one, if one of these days we should see him again."

After that the Beloved played the part of Haroun-al-Raschid. He left the Court without the sunshine of his presence at freakish moments, which lengthened into hours. When he returned he was more *débonnaire* than ever, and ready to grant favors, pardon criminals, do anything, in fact, but sign a death-warrant.

He fancied that he went secretly except for the companionship and convenience of the *Sieur de Vilane*, as young and romantic as himself. As though the ministers would leave anything so precious to the chances of life in Old Paris. The great Cardinal, who loved the boy like his son and ruled the other ministers, was too wise openly to oppose the Beloved, who had or might be expected to have a very kingly way with any one who should oppose him.

"Poor child!" said the Cardinal, with a twitch of his old ivory-colored face, which in a man more human might have passed for emotion. "Poor child! Let him be happy while he may. If there were not reasons of State—if this Austrian alliance were not necessary—in fine—if the Beloved were anything but King of France, we might have pity on young love—eh, De Luynes?"

M. De Luynes, the Cardinal's Secretary, who knew as much of his mind as any man, yet averred he knew nothing, said afterwards that if it had not been the Cardinal who spoke he would have thought it was genuine compassion. He said so in his me-

moirs long after the great Cardinal was dead, when he could dare to be indiscreet.

But for all that the Cardinal did dearly love the Beloved, and with some memory of his own youth perhaps, for he had been a husband and a desolate widower before ever he had been a priest, he felt for the boy who, because he was a King, must not love like other men.

Picked men of the Cardinal's Guard, who were of all others to be trusted, kept watch a little way off while the Beloved lingered in the garden beyond the high walls down a narrow alley of the Faubourg St. Antoine, while the *Sieur Maurice de Vilaine* stood patiently in the alley, his rapier ready against any one who might molest him, little knowing how the alley at either end was stopped by the Cardinal's Guard.

The two lads used to steal, under their long brigand's cloaks, in the shades of the toppling houses, in archways, under bridges, on their way to the Faubourg. Once over the wall the Beloved would fling away his cloak and flash in silks and velvets for the eyes of his love.

The gardens beyond the high walls were lonely, with a deep heart of hidden quietness and green peace in the depths of the town. The old grandmother read her religious books and dreamed of her past in the stately rooms of the house, and received visits from a few old ladies like herself, or it might be an old abbé or some stately old gentleman with the manners of an elder generation. Madame's *salon* was shabby, though nearly all it contained was in a sense priceless. There was an air of high breeding about the faded hangings and brocades of the furniture, as there was about Madame herself, sitting on her gilt tabouret with her little scarlet-heeled shoes on a footstool, and her head nodding as

briskly as though she realized what was being said to her, which she did not by reason of her deafness. Her visitors were too well-mannered to make any difference in their conversation for that. Sometimes she went to Church, to the Calvaire, which was only just round the corner, she leaning on the arm of Mademoiselle, swathed in heavy crepe like herself, while Margot walked behind carrying the prayer books.

Margot saw that the idyll in the garden was undisturbed. She watched over it with a woman's delight in its ardor and innocence, although occasionally she wondered when Monsieur would begin to talk of marriage. She did not know that Monsieur was the King, but imagined him some fine gentleman of the Court: nor did Mademoiselle guess at the rank of her lover, although he had taught her to call him Louis. He had a very Haroun-al-Raschid anticipation of the moment when he should reveal his identity to his little love: and he played with the anticipation. He had not yet come to the point of considering how the Cardinal—what use to talk of the ministers when the Cardinal was all?—would take the marriage of the King of France to the child of an impoverished noble family. The Beloved was less afraid of the Cardinal than other people were—was not afraid at all, in fact. To him the great Cardinal was fatherly: and since the day when he had let slip a corner of the veil in the presence of the Beloved, sighing heavily while he took snuff and muttering to himself: "When joy is dead there is only to set a stone above it," the Beloved had thought of him as a bereaved old man, not as the greatest minister France had known.

"Poor child! poor child!" said the Cardinal, talking to himself in the way which made M. De Luynes say in his

heart that the Cardinal was growing old. "If it were not that we must have the alliance. . . ."

A day or two later the Beloved, flying to the tryst with a lover's impatience, found the nest empty, nothing remaining of the idyll but the dead leaves of Autumn that were coming in showers on the wet wind, and a robin that Jeanne Marie Madeleine had petted hopping about forlornly on the terrace with one eye on the shuttered windows.

They had gone—flown! The Cardinal's agents had worked in the dark. No one had seen Madame de St. Amande and her granddaughter go. It was such a little establishment it might easily be broken up without attracting notice.

At first the Beloved was like a madman, or like any young lover robbed of his delight. He sulked, fumed, fretted, cursed the fates that had made him King of France, was again hopeful and happy when he had a clue, only to be more cast down as it broke off in his hands. During this time the Cardinal was silent and watchful. There was something in his gaze as he bore with the forwardness of the Beloved that might have passed for pity. But—there could be no question of a marriage. Well that the idyll had ended as it had with no blemish upon it. A King of France could not marry like a peasant or a grocer. Already the negotiations for the King's marriage were begun.

The Beloved proved more amenable than the Cardinal had dared to hope. He was in a mood of despondency when he was told that a Princess of Austria had welcomed his suit. He waited for her at Paris, to which she came with great state, a round-faced, plain little girl, weighed down by her cloth-of-silver, her eyes still red with weeping because she had had to part from her mother and her pets.

The marriage was the Coronation over again, only that the Beloved, somewhat to the dismay of the common people, had become serious. The new Queen under her veil of priceless lace, with the Crown glittering as fine as Our Lady's in the Cathedral, looked down and not about her at the huzzing people, but after all, as some one in the crowd remarked, shyness became a bride,—to which another sourly made answer that shyness or readiness or such things did not belong to Kings and Queens, but to common folk. These speeches being made by the men-folk excited the derision of the women in the crowd, and one, making room for an old woman who pushed forward to see the sight, said that with his Majesty's looks the Austrian need show no disinclination,—that any woman he chose should jump for joy. "As though he had the choosing!" said the cynic. "*Ma foi!* does he look as if he had?"

The old woman, pushed to the front by the good nature of the crowd, caught sight of the King and Queen in the golden coach, going at a walking pace.

"Is that the King?" she cried out.

"That is the King. What mousehole of our Paris have you lain hidden in not to know the Beloved?" answered the woman who had made way for her, because she had an old mother of her own among the apple-orchards of Normandy.

It was said that the King showed agitation at the sight of some one in the crowd at this point, but that was surely imagination, for Paris was all one packed mass of people enjoying the show, looking forward to the fireworks and the feast of the night: and what could there be to move him in that packed mass of faces?

Nevertheless his bride could have told of a restlessness, an uneasiness which came upon him. He had been

gravely kind, and, of course, he was beautiful to look upon, so that if one had desired to marry anybody and not to stay at home where one was so happy he could hardly have been bettered. His restlessness disturbed the little Queen in her dreams of her mother's eyes and the pets that grieved for her. It was almost as bad as though he had been passionately loving, an ordeal which was spared the unready child.

The Cardinal had not found him so plastic of late, although he had accepted the marriage. Indeed, the Cardinal began to foresee a time when the King might be very refractory, and it would be as well for an old man, weary of statecraft, to seek the monastery at Fécamp where his cell was kept ever ready for his retirement from the world. The Beloved drove and rode and sat through the banquets and festivities following the marriage with an air as though he found it all intolerable. And when the Cardinal talked of the Queen's Coronation the Beloved said something to himself, which the Cardinal thought he had heard before. It was: "When joy is dead, there is only to set a stone above it." If he had heard it he would have had the clue, for he, who it was said knew all that happened in France from end to end, knew how the Beloved's search for the Beloved had ended,—at the door of a vault.

Presently from the mass of petitions that reached the Beloved from the common people, without any intervention of the Cardinal's, there came one that made the Beloved turn pale. It was from old Margot, who had served him too well, and had been cast out in her old age by Madame de Saint Amande.

He sent for her and saw her alone. Within an hour he had left Paris, as though he were not a bridegroom of

a few weeks,—not in state as a King should travel, but riding and alone, except for the *Sieur Maurice de Vilain* and a couple of servants. It happened so suddenly that he was well on his journey before the Cardinal had wind of what was happening, and then he only lifted his hands and let them fall again.

"The Beloved is safe through the length and breadth of France, wherever he is known," he said; and then he rested his cheek in his hand, and thought of how restful it would be to hear the surges beat on the shore below the cell-window at Fécamp, how quiet the cell with only the crucifix and the skull for ornament: for he was very old and the weight of France heavy on him.

"He will discover that they lied to him," he said to himself "and I shall be disgraced. How tired I am of these toys!"

The Beloved, meanwhile, was riding through the rain almost without rest, day and night, during hours in which his beauty was marred and his face fallen into lines of haggard fatigue. Changing horses as he went, he came about the fifth day to a desolate headland in Brittany, on which, high over the sea, a bare convent lifted its gaunt walls, enclosed on three sides by walls forty feet in height, on the fourth side by the cliffs and the sea. The Convent of the Carmelites. The passion of the Beloved swept all before it, else he would have known that to say the Carmelites was to say—the grave. People did not come back to life, to love, from the Carmelites.

He was thundering at the door, through a little grille in which a nun's face, blanched from long years within stone walls, looked at him from under a veil.

"Open to the King of France!" he said; and was furious at the delay in unbarring the gates.

This unearthly place, where voices spoke from the walls, through grilles not only barred but veiled with several thicknesses of crape, where life fled before his footsteps and retreated from lofty room to lofty room, laid a cold hand on his eager haste.

"I am the Reverend Mother," said a whisper from behind the grille. "Your Majesty's visit does us too much honor. The poor Carmelites of Morbihan do not receive visitors. A messenger has flown for Monseigneur the Bishop. He will give the hospitality of the palace for the King's Majesty."

"I wish to see Mademoiselle de St. Amande," thundered the Beloved, shaking the grille.

"Alas, the enclosure of Mount Carmel is irrevocable," said the voice from behind the grille, that was rather a breathing than a voice. "Chocolate is served in the parlor. If the King's Majesty will deign to partake of it the Bishop will soon be here. It is a mercy of Heaven that he has a visitation in Morbihan."

In time to prevent the Beloved shaking the grille to pieces came Monseigneur, handsome, courtly, a man of the world and the other world, with a key, so far as any but the Holy Father might have it, to the world the other side the grille.

"Patience, your Majesty!" he said. "Even I cannot pass the grille. I have to give the absolution to a dying nun through the grille with the vells removed. Not even for a father or a mother is so much done. The daughters of St. Teresa do not renounce the world by halves. But the King's majesty might perhaps overrule even the Rule. I will see what can be done."

He was absent a little while, while the Beloved walked restlessly up and down the long whitewashed room with the black square of the grille in

the wall, consumed with impatience, a weight as of heavy iron on the heart that had once been so gay.

Presently Monseigneur returned, and there was something in his face as he came that seemed to increase the weight of the Beloved's heart a hundred-fold, so that a heart so heavy could hardly be endured.

He spoke not as though to the King's Majesty, but as to a poor boy. Sometimes the same pity had looked oddly through the deference of the Cardinal's manner to his King.

"Son," he said, "you shall see Mademoiselle de Saint Amande, lost to the world now in Sister Louise de la Croix. You shall see her—through the grille of the nuns' choir in the chapel—as I shall. Child, do not fret. 'You have lost her already. She will not be more lost to you when the end comes. Louise de la Croix is dying.'"

Dying! Why, the Beloved had known it all the time; all during that desperate journey through the rain he had known that he was riding against death, against fate. All his protests were done. His eagerness was in cold ashes. What was the use of revolt? The King's Majesty of France had to bend his knee to the King of Terrors.

He heard the chanting of the nuns and the feet carrying their burden over the polished floor of the choir. They came as though they carried the dead. The Beloved knelt on his prie-dieu close to the grille, his face hidden, blackest despair in his heart. Something was happening. They were stripping the grille of its vells. The eyes of men might look where never a man had looked before..

He heard Monseigneur's voice pronouncing the Absolution. He did not look up. He was far away from what was happening, in a mournful and dreadful isolation. The dark head on which the powder yet lay like the

grey of the years was down in his hands.

"Come, son, you shall see her!" Monseigneur touched him on the shoulder. The Beloved lifted his miserable face, his blood-shot eyes. Why this was no King, but a poor boy with whom fate had dealt hardly.

"I implore you not to disturb her dying moments," whispered the compassionate voice. "Do not recall her—from Heaven."

The Beloved stumbled to the grille and Monseigneur's hand, with the fine ring upon it, steadied him. He looked. There—on a mattress on the floor lay something, some one in the habit of Carmel. *That*,—the little ivory face under the coil and veil, the purple shadows—*that*, little Jeanne Marie Madeleine, the flower-soft child who had found Heaven in his kisses! What suffering, what impossible austerities, could have wrought so dreadful a change?

"*Mon ange!*" he cried in a dreadful voice, beside himself with pity and grief.

His cry rang through the choir of the Carmelites and the stark corridors beyond, where life went in whispers, on stealing footsteps, startling the immured nuns into terror and grief, as though their sacred enclosure had been rudely violated.

"Louis!" She came back from the dead to answer him. "*Mon roi.*"

* * * * *

When the Beloved returned to Paris the beauty as of the gods who suffer and die not had departed from him for ever. Little Jeanne Marie Madeleine, Sœur Louise de la Croix, had wrought more grievous things than many a poor sinner might have wrought—and she had died a saint. It would be long, long before her prayers would be answered, although Heaven's length of time is not earth's. The Beloved was from under the con-

trol of the Cardinal. He ruled—with a hard splendor, very unlike those early dreams of his: the peasants no more had their fowl in the pot o' Sundays than they had before the Beloved ascended the throne of his fathers. They had given up talking of the people's King, and of how the Seigneurs should be held in check, since the old disgraces and dishonors were still wrought in the sight of Heaven, whose patience foresaw the reckoning that was yet to be.

The Cardinal, very weary and old, departed one day for his monastery. At his last interview with the King:

The British Review.

"Your Majesty will receive an old man's blessing?" he said.

"Why, yes," answered the Beloved, "if there is any blessing for a King."

His face as he said it almost moved the Cardinal to tears. The terrible Cardinal was grown an old man, who was troubled at a loud voice and wept easily.

"My son," he said, "when one's joy is dead there is only to put a stone over it."

The King answered him gently.

"But if the stone presses to death one's own soul!"

Katharine Tynan.

THE MONEY KING.

In Mr. Pierpont Morgan there has passed away the most representative man of our time. For while business considerations occupy a larger place in human life than ever before, the governing factor of modern business is not agriculture, or commerce, or manufacture, but finance. The Money Power, as it is now understood, is the creation of the last generation, which has witnessed the evolution of a financial system, the complexity, expansion, and potency of which were not dreamt of half-a-century ago. This new regulative force of world-industry and trade is credit, the most abstract sort of economic power. The discovery of this fluid form of money was not new, but the modern development of communications and of business structure has given it an entirely new significance. Now that steam and electricity have placed all the countries of the world in close, continuous, and immediate contact, Credit and its child, Capital, have been endowed with a virtually unlimited fluidity. Partly as a consequence, in most parts of the world, businesses have been reorganized upon a joint-

stock basis, which enables credit to distribute itself freely and effectively from a few great financial power-stations, where it is generated and stored.

Mr. Morgan was probably the greatest, certainly the most successful, of the financial engineers engaged in this important work of collecting, creating, and distributing credit. It may be said that he was born to do it, for he inherited a respectable position in the banking industry of New York at the very moment when the rapid development of the railways, after the Civil War, was revolutionizing American industry and commerce. In the interesting examination to which Mr. Morgan was recently subjected by the Committee on the Money Trust, he laid stress upon "character" as the actual basis of borrowing power. Credit means faith, and implies undoubtedly a moral basis for finance, though this element is often liable to be overborne by other less moral considerations. But it is certainly true that, in order to understand the career and power of such a man as Mr. Morgan, we must look to certain qualities of intellectual and moral

character. Clear, quick judgment, great determination, audacity tempered by calculation, absolute personal trustworthiness, such are the chief attributes ascribed to him. But luck nearly always counts in great careers, and Mr. Morgan was certainly fortunate in the place and position where he set out to use his oyster-knife. More clearly than any other man of his country did he grasp the constructive power of pure finance. Financial newspapers, in commenting upon his methods, are disposed to give chief prominence to his discovery that an astute and courageous gambler could make more money as a "bull" than as a "bear."

But dealing with existing stocks and shares was but a minor aspect of his finance. The real work of the great American money-king was to mould the larger industrial and financial operations of a continent which is in the experimental stage of railroading, of the development of its agricultural, mining, and timber resources, the building and equipment of its cities on modern lines of steel and electricity, and the provision of the banking and insurance involved in these colossal business propositions. Last, but not least, the great financier plays a large, sometimes a determinant, part in bolstering up the weaknesses of Government finance in a country where the public policy in handling monetary questions has been peculiarly feeble, shifting, and dangerous. Thus, for example, he was employed as long ago as 1876 in the huge operations which resulted in a refunding of the United States Debt on a four per cent. basis. In the grave crisis of 1895 he was summoned to advise the Government, and personally undertook to form a syndicate for floating bonds to the amount of over twelve million pounds sterling. In 1907, when the whole finance of the country lay paralyzed, and nobody else could produce the "money" required to stop the

panic, Mr. Morgan was found in possession of five million pounds with which the wheels of currency were once more set agoing. These great public services he rendered not for nought, and, alike in 1895 and 1907, there were those who raised the doubtful question whether Mr. Morgan saved or merely spared his country.

But the set of achievements by which his name will go down to history are those which come under the title of Trust-making. Organization and consolidation are the respectable terms for the process of stifling competition in order to control rates and prices which is the essence of the policy in which America stands pre-eminent. Mr. Morgan was not, indeed, the inventor, either of the Trust in its strict legal sense, or of the holding company, its more recent substitute. In many leading branches of manufacture and commerce—*e.g.*, oil, sugar, tobacco, agricultural implements—some great merchant or producer had carried the process of concentration very far. Mr. Morgan's special contribution to the process consisted in approaching Trust-making as the application of a general idea. It was as general financier, not as ironmaster, that he converted the Carnegie Steel Company into the "billion dollars" United States Steel Corporation. In this same spirit, at an earlier date, he had set himself to consolidating into single, ever-larger "systems" the hundreds of struggling railroads in possession of competing tracks, a process which has proceeded continuously up to the present time, when it is estimated that the two groups which he commanded are in control of upwards of 12,000 miles of road. So, likewise, in the most sensational of all the Morgan combines, the International Mercantile Marine Company, formed in 1902 by a union of the principal Atlantic lines, it was the mind of the financial economist, not of the

shipowner, that operated. In this last scheme Mr. Morgan struck most clearly the cosmopolitan or international note, which even from early days has distinguished the banker and financier from all other business men. Not only all sorts of business, but all countries of the world, lay open to the penetrating force of his finance. His houses in London and in Paris kept him in close relations with European finance, enabling him, for instance, to bring £10,000,000 of American money into our War Loan of 1901.

All these particular projects contributed to strengthen, enlarge, and complicate the distinctively financial system required for their execution. Hence the chains of banks and the linking-up of banking, trust, and insurance companies, of which so much sensational evidence is contained in the recently published Report of the Money Commission. The interesting machinery of this finance, with its Holding Companies, Interlocking Directorates, Trust

The Nation.

Agreements, and, behind all, in its virtual omnipotence, the organization of Clearing Houses, by means of which a tiny group of men issued their ukases to the banks of America, was essentially the product of the brain and will of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. No other man has ever played the game of business on so gigantic a scale and with so much success. Ruthless in the enforcement of his will and his ideas, he never infringed the rules which the business man's conception of legality and honor imposes upon this severe and often cruel game. The spending side of his career was one of equal magnificence, so that worshippers of power can find in that career a well-nigh irresistible appeal for reverence. Had Carlyle lived in our day, perhaps he would have enshrined the personality of Mr. Morgan as his Hero in Industry, if he could have satisfied himself that the thought and toll of such a life were grounded upon anything to which he could apply the term "reality."

INFLUENZA.

The Italians called it influenza, because they believed it came from the stars; and I dare say that is as good an explanation as any other of the deadly epidemic that is raging among us at present. One of the results of scientific enlightenment has been to change our conception of the force, or group of forces, called Nature. We used to consider Nature as a gentle, amiable, and beneficent thing, entirely convenient to mankind. Happiness and health were natural; pain and disease were unnatural. That was a very simple and happy philosophy; it is a pity it was not true. For disease is as natural as health; in fact it is itself a kind of excessive health—health, that is to say, in something other than the

subject. If dirt be only matter in the wrong place, disease is only life in the right place—the right place, that is to say, for its own development; the wrong place from the standpoint of the thing affected by it. What a vista of the kind of universal benevolence wrongly called humanitarianism is here opened up! The gentle little bacillus that wanders about seeking an environment in which it can obey the universal law of increase and multiplication—why should we deny it a home, even if that home be a part of our own organism? Why indeed? But I am afraid that the most enthusiastic devotee of life breaks down when he is asked to welcome it on these terms. The pueumo-coccus germ, which I un-

derstand is the latest little stranger to visit our shores, has been holding a high festival of life in the southern part of England during the last few months, with the result that the human death-rate has considerably gone up. He has received no welcome such as would be accorded to a human potentate of a thousandth part of his power; but he has received most respectful treatment. Invisible to the eyes of all but a few bacteriologists, he has nevertheless, like an invading enemy, been dealt with in military fashion. The intelligence department, armed with microscopes and test tubes, have given timely warning of his presence and located him; and the whole army of physicians, some armed with the most antiquated weapons, others employing means and methods as cunning and as subtle as his own, have joined issue with him on a thousand battlefields. For Armageddon is with us always; every drop of blood in one's body is a battlefield, with its hosts for us, and its hosts against us, and the grim Fates sitting above to decide the issue.

There is something infinitely mysterious about this continual assault of one kind of life upon another. If one host is vanquished, another comes up to take its place; the reserve of Nature in this matter being infinite. I have just sneezed, and I suppose expelled some thousands of microbes who were advancing to the attack upon me. But I know that there are millions more to come, and that if only one of them gets a really good establishment in my system, and a little time in which to make his domestic arrangements in peace, I, as an individual entity, may possibly disappear from the earth in the space of a few weeks. I can't say that I find anything very terrifying in the thought; it makes life on the whole rather amusing. Nor can I help being entertained by a consideration of the

almost cynical tactics pursued by the enemy in this campaign. The case of influenza is apposite. Many people still remember the deadly epidemic of 1889 and 1890, when it made what was apparently its last concentrated attack upon the human race. Before the scientific age it found us very easy to deal with, as when in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the sittings of the Paris Law Courts had to be suspended because of it; when sermons had to be abandoned because of coughing and sneezing; and when in the year 1510 masses could not be sung for a couple of months. It turned back Kempenfelt's fleet from the shores of France in 1782, the men, suddenly seized in its grip, being unable to work the ships. But human knowledge and experience began to make formidable resistance. The Influenza bacillus, although its existence was still unsuspected, found its movements seriously hampered by the powers opposed to it. Then in 1889 it began to gather itself together for a mighty effort. In May of that year it appeared simultaneously in Bokhara and in Greenland. About the middle of October it appeared in Tomsk, and by the end of the month in St. Petersburg. It established itself throughout Russia during the next month, and from there worked to the principal capitals of Europe—Paris, Berlin, Vienna, London, and Madrid. During December it was busy on the coast of the Mediterranean, in Egypt, and the United States. January 1890 it devoted almost entirely to England, and in February it thoroughly covered Austria, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, Spain, and Holland. In the same month it had also got to work in Capetown, in Canada, in Algiers, in Corsica, in Mexico, and the West Indies. As the earlier places affected began to recover, it continued to spread over a wider area, from Newfoundland to Ceylon, from Japan to Sierra Leone. March saw India in-

vaded, particularly Bengal and Burma; in April and May it was epidemic all over Australasia, and in Arabia and Brazil. The summer and autumn were devoted chiefly to islands and remote places, and towards the end of the year it had reached the interior of China, Abyssinia and Kashmir. It had covered the entire globe in fifteen months. It continued the attack throughout the early part of 1891, when the highest number of deaths in England alone—over sixteen thousand—were recorded in one epidemic.

In those days it was much more severe and sudden in its attack. People were seized with bitter pains in their bones in a few minutes. Workmen wheeling barrows had to put them down and leave them where they lay. An omnibus driver was unable to stop his horses. A medical student playing cards was unable to continue his game. The contemporary account of the symptoms described the almost universal effect as "pains in the limbs and general sense of aching all over; frontal headache of special severity; pains in the eyeballs, increased by the slightest movement of the eyes; shivering; general feeling of misery and weakness, many patients, both men and women, giving way to weeping; nervous restlessness; inability to sleep, and occasionally delirium"—and so on. That was undoubtedly the high tide of triumph for influenza of the old kind. It has never had such a success since. Succeeding epidemics were more isolated and less severe, and latterly it had seemed that influenza as a serious scourge had more or less disappeared.

But of course it had not. The enemy was only preparing for another campaign. In the parliaments of bacilli it was probably recognized that they must move with the times, adopt modern methods, and abandon the conservative

The Saturday Review.

and obsolete policy of the existing germ government, which had been living on the reputation of its great success in 1891. So a new campaign was prepared, the army reorganized, and an expedition of pneumo-cocci sent over to England to try to take us by surprise. They very nearly did so. But for certain steadfast persons armed with microscopes and stains and slides and test tubes, their success might have been enormous. As it is, they have thoroughly embarrassed us. The old days when people could be made to put down their wheelbarrows suddenly, and medical students arrested in the very act of doubling no trumps, seem to have gone; but thousands of wretched people are walking about trying to do work for which they feel thoroughly unfit, not knowing what is the matter with them, and having no apparently definite symptom of disease. Or else they think they have one of those two vaguest of all vague things—a sore throat or a cold. But it is our old friend the influenza bacillus in a quite new dress, and with quite new reserves of deadly intention and execution at his command. And so presumably it will go on, and when through much suffering and death the human race has become habituated to this new germ, some other novelty will be sent forth to take its place. So do be careful, my friend with the cold or sore throat, and don't be fooled by the subtle disguises of the enemy.

In our fragment of time we seem to be making progress, and more or less paralyzing these blind attacks of the enemy before they have time to develop. But one cannot help wondering who wins in the end; or if anything wins, except that one principle of life of which the influenza germ, and the human sage whom it succeeds in killing, are alike expressions and examples.

Filson Young.

THE LICENSE OF THE CAT.

In a case tried a few days ago at Hamilton the Sheriff showed a very proper sense, as we think, of the license which ought to be allowed to cats. Those who dislike cats will dislike his judgment, for it amounted to this, that it is useless to try to keep a cat under control. It would save some people a good deal of trouble if they would admit that you cannot control a cat, for it is certain that the expenditure of nervous energy in the attempt is all wasted; the cat will remain uncontrolled and uncontrollable. It is true that a cat will sometimes do what you wish, but this is because it suits its convenience. It does not object to displaying affection in the form of compliance provided that it is perfectly understood that there is no question of obligation. It will generally display its affection towards a particular person in a family, thus refining by instinct upon the loyalty of dogs, which are commonly capable of dividing their affection pretty evenly among a number of claimants. The loyalty of cats to places is also intenser than that of dogs. "There is no place like home," says the cat, even though the home be a barn with a wrecked roof which lets in the rain—anathema to cats—and where there is no milk, no fish, and no meat, indeed nothing but *toujours souris*. The cat is, in fine, an anarchist. It acknowledges no law, not even the laws of language, for Grimm and all the philologists have had to confess themselves puzzled when they tried to trace the origin of the word "cat."

The man of law did well, then, to proclaim that the cat stands outside the law. When it is a question of extra-legality for a trade union or a dog we are purists of the first water, but when a cat claims privilege what

can we do but concede the reasonableness of the request? The cat will do what it likes in any case. We can punish it, of course; but it is an ignoble undertaking to punish the incorrigible. If it were only a case of a spaniel, a wife, or a walnut tree we might be capable of the ultimate brutality of the proverb. But a cat! Can any person of sensibility stand up against the glance of offended dignity and contempt which a cat can bestow as it walks away bristling from the scene of human futility? Montaigne complained with feeling that his cat looked upon him with disapproval. The demeanor of the cat towards the human race is really very salutary. The cat says: "I am indifferent to your civilization. I am in it, but I am not part of it. I never asked to come into it; you brought me in. Any comforts you provide for me are my due. There can be no question of debt on my part. I am not a dog. I do not make terms. I do not admit restraint. I do not lick the hand that beats me." All this is implied in the illuminating judgment of Mr. Shennan at Hamilton. The pursuer in the action sued the defender because the latter's cat had climbed into the pursuer's loft and killed some pigeons. Mr. Shennan dismissed the action, saying: "The best-fed cats are frequently the keenest sportsmen, and there is no standard of feline conduct which does not recognize that a cat will chase and kill a bird whenever it gets a chance. It is not a question of hunger, but a question of sport, and it is preposterous to hold that the owner of a cat is under obligation so to control it as to prevent it from killing birds. If the community sanctions the keeping of the domestic cat it does so in full knowledge of feline

nature." Every dog is allowed by the law one free bite. After the dog has once bitten a person it is presumed that its owner knows it to be "savage," and the owner must pay up for the second and subsequent bites. But the cat, according to Mr. Shennon, may have as many free birds as it likes. Those who keep birds in the proximity of cats should understand now that they do so at the birds' risk.

Mr. Shennon's judgment is partly at variance with the ruling of a well-known master of a Cambridge College. The undergraduates had suffered for some time from the depredations in their gyp rooms of the cat—probably more hungry or greedy than sporting—which belonged to the master of a neighboring college. At last one of the undergraduates caught the cat and killed it. The crime was traced to him. He was "hauled" by the Master, who enlarged upon the enormity of killing the cat of the Master of St. Blank's, and was gated for a long period. As the undergraduate was leaving the presence the Master remarked: "I ought to say, by the way, I'm glad it's dead!" Academic discipline introduces here a disturbing factor. The punishment was formally sound, but the personal sentiment of the Master was, we fear, in favor of denying feline license. Mr. Shennon has restored to the cat something of the legal position that popular practice has taken away from it. The law used to hold the cat in great respect. "Among our elder ancestors, the Antient Britons," says Blackstone, "cats were looked upon as creatures of intrinsic value, and the killing or stealing of one was a grievous crime, and subjected the offender to a fine, especially if it belonged to the King's household, and was the *custos horrei regii*, for which there was a peculiar forfeiture." The amercement of the man who stole the Warden of the Royal

Barn was peculiar. The cat was hung up by its tail with its head touching the ground, and grain had to be poured on to the floor till the tip of the cat's tail was covered. It may be said that this was punishing the cat, but the punishment was incidental to the process of determining the amount of grain the thief had to pay as fine, and as no one apparently troubled about the cat's feelings it is to be hoped that it survived the experience of serving as an imperial measure.

Strangest of paradoxes is the risks men will take to protect or save so unresponsive an animal as a cat. The papers of Tuesday contained a fresh instance. The ship's cat belonging to the Hull trawler "Sea Horse" had got into a dangerous position over the side of the vessel, and the mate, Ernest Ellis, climbed down to rescue it. The captain leaned over to haul the mate back and both fell overboard. The captain and the cat were saved, but the mate was drowned. We are reminded of the story of the cat that was saved after the battle of Trafalgar. The English sailors were taking the French sailors off the burning and sinking vessels when a piteous mew was heard from one of the ships, and a cat was seen looking out of a port-hole. A boat's crew returned to the ship to save the cat, although they knew that the ship might blow up at any moment. When a man put his hand into the port-hole the cat drew back, as cats will, and it was not till the man, daring everything, had re-entered the burning ship that the cat was saved. Similarly, Fielding, in the "Voyage to Lisbon," relates the deep sorrow of the captain of the ship when his cat fell overboard. All this is sailor's superstition? Perhaps; but if so the fact remains that the cat inspires a superstition capable of heroic devotion.

Yet it is only in the great crises that a man's life is set against a cat's. A cat, as we all know, is not normally protected. As it files across the street from one sanctuary to another it is fair game for every dog or boy. One often thinks that if only the cat would stand still it would be safe. Every dog is rather afraid of a cat that holds its ground; it fears the claws on its nose. As for the boy, he is attracted rather by the flying target. If the cat were to make friendly and confident advances to the boy it would be safer still; not one human being in a million is capable of rejecting the overtures of a trusting animal. But the cat scorns quarter on such terms. The cat-hunt started when the first cat began to run, and will continue so long as a cat remains. Boswell in his *Life of Johnson* tells how Johnson described the despicable state of a young gentleman of good family. "Sir," said Johnson, "when I heard of him last he was running about town shooting cats." The chief enemy of cats is the gamekeeper, for every cat is a confirmed poacher. When a cat enters the wood it goes upon the most perilous of sporting expeditions. Big-game shooting is nothing to it. A trap may be waiting for the velvet

The Spectator.

paws in any tuft of grass. The hunter is also the hunted. And even in the streets of towns at night the cat hunt has become a less casual affair since some firms of furriers took to paying an enticing price for suitable cat skins. The large cats disappear; the small, lean cats survive. Anyone who believes that his lost cat is now a muff, a stole, or part of a coat may wish that the American scheme for a cat-ranch, which would make the cat-hunt of the streets superfluous, were as feasible as its logic seems to sound. Next door to the cat-ranch of the immortal American company promoter there was to be a rat-ranch. The cats were to be fed on the rats, and the rats on the dead bodies of the skinned cats. Thus, in the words of the prospectus, the two ranches would be "mutually self-supporting all the time." Another plan was to put the cat-ranch on an island "surrounded by fish." The fish were to be caught and given to the cats to eat. When the cats grew big and fat they were to be killed, and their bodies would go to feed the fish and attract them to the nets. Once started, either system would be a kind of perpetual-motion machine which sheds cat-skins as a kind of by-product.

THE NEW AMERICAN AMBASSADOR.

In offering the London Embassy to Mr. Walter H. Page, President Wilson has made an interesting experiment. He has boldly reverted to the scholar-diplomat as the type of man most qualified to represent the United States abroad. And in doing so, he has paid a silent but striking compliment to the good sense of the British people. He has assumed that what we most value in the American Ambassador is not his wealth and his ability to lavish it on

magnificent houses and huge entertainments, but his personality and his achievements, and the extent to which he brings with him the true flavor of American life. President Roosevelt, some five or six years ago, made the same assumption in regard to Germany when he appointed Dr. Hill to the Berlin Embassy. The circumstances were all but identical with those under which Mr. Page comes to London. Dr. Hill's predecessor was Mr. Charles

magne Tower, a gentleman of very great wealth. He was prodigal of *fêtes* and receptions, he leased the finest house in the capital, and he greatly pleased the Kaiser by the splendor he was able to maintain. The change to Dr. Hill was, as Mr. Roosevelt intended it should be, a thorough one. It was an appeal from the *rococo*, commercialized Berlin of to-day, to the city of plain living and high thinking of a generation ago. Dr. Hill had been at the head of two considerable American Universities; he had served as Assistant Secretary of State; from Washington he had proceeded as Minister to Switzerland, and thence to Holland. The Dutch had greatly liked him. They regarded him—it is the highest tribute that can be paid an American at The Hague—as a worthy successor of Motley. His "History of the Development of Diplomacy" had brought him an international reputation; and President Roosevelt, who was sincerely anxious to break up the system under which the big prizes in the diplomatic service were reserved for millionaires, thought himself fortunate in persuading Dr. Hill to accept the Berlin Embassy. There is no need to go into the details of the unhappy but illuminating sequel when the Kaiser learned that whatever might be Dr. Hill's other qualifications for the post, his private means would only permit him to maintain a modest establishment, and that the days of splash and glitter were over. It was one of those incidents that tested and revealed a man and a society, and neither the Kaiser nor Berlin came out of it with credit.

It so happens that in London also the last three American Ambassadors have all been men of very large means. In Mr. Hay's case and in Mr. Choate's the circumstance counted for little or nothing in enabling them to win the position they came to hold in British

society and public life. It was thrown into its proper insignificance, by the variety and attractiveness of their other endowments. But it would be absurd to pretend that the late Mr. Whitelaw Reid was quite so successful in disguising the fact that he was a millionaire. Mr. Reid had been a journalist and editor of considerable influence and distinction, and had served his country by no means without success as its representative in some important crises before he was appointed to the London Embassy. He had a great fondness and talent for society, much versatility, and an ingratiating manner. But it was as a man of unusual wealth that he was chiefly known, both in America and in Great Britain; and his Ambassadorship was distinguished beyond all others by a lavish hospitality, and by the highly elaborate scale on which he preferred to live. To many Englishmen and to not a few Americans there was something incongruous in the spectacle of the representative of the United States, a Republic that is still officially supposed to be dedicated to "Jeffersonian simplicity," inhabiting the most splendid mansion in London, and maintaining a considerably more than ducal state. It was difficult to harmonize such a spectacle with the invigorating and democratic Americanism which was of the essence, for instance, of Mr. Lowell's character as it was of Mr. Hay's and Mr. Choate's. President Wilson was right in thinking that on public rather than on personal grounds, and from the American even more than from the British standpoint, there should be a change of type, or rather a reversion to the Bancroft, Washington Irving, and Lowell type; and that it should be clearly demonstrated that, even in these spendthrift days, wealth is not an essential in the nominee to the London Embassy. We welcome and honor that demonstration.

It
An
res
us
cie
J
ch
his
Th
Mr
an
ad
An
an
cat
mo
jud
an
has
pra
Pa
ma
pas
Am
for
edit
"A
and
ago
wh
and
lan
one
Am
"ne
avo
fam
the
of t
him
perc
by a
exp
it c
he i
and
so c
ous
the
Eng

It fits in with one's conception of what America should be, and, at her best, really is, and it may not be without its usefulness in restoring to London society a juster sense of values.

President Wilson could hardly have chosen a more fitting instrument for his venture than Mr. Walter Page. The present writer, who has enjoyed Mr. Page's friendship for fifteen years and more, can testify that he is an admirable representative of the real American aristocracy of public service and character. A man of an alert, catholic, discriminating, and thoroughly modern mind, a keen and sensitive judge of literature, a writer of vivid and supple power, and a publicist who has devoted a lifetime of sincere and practical idealism to great causes. Mr. Page is one of the foremost of the remarkable body of men who, within the past twenty years, have made of American journalism a potent agency for righteousness and reform. He has edited both the "Forum" and the "Atlantic Monthly" with equal power and success, and some twelve years ago he founded, in the "World's Work," what is probably the most distinctive and original monthly in the English language. Himself a Southerner, and one who has done more than any other American to explain and assist the "new South," his profession and his avocations have made him almost as familiar as Mr. Roosevelt himself with the life and problems of all sections of the United States. The crusader in him is directed, but in no way hampered, by a dispassionate lucidity and by a singular capacity for assimilating experience. To one who has met him it comes as a surprise to learn that he is in his fifty-ninth year, so fresh and buoyant is his outlook on life, and so clear runs his native stream of zealous and humorous optimism. That is the kind of American whom we in England are ready to prize for his

own sake, one in whom we recognize the authentic salt of Americanism, and who will assuredly suffer not at all, and gain much, by coming to us simply on his own merits as a citizen and servant of the Republic.

Nevertheless, a weaker man, not so capable of taking a line of his own, and of a less confident and striking individuality, might well feel a certain embarrassment in succeeding to a post that necessarily entails a measure of semi-public hospitality and display, and that has so long been held by the possessors of ample means. But it is an embarrassment that can hardly be avoided so long as the United States declines to furnish her Ambassadors with an official residence and to pay them an adequate salary. In the American diplomatic service there are no examinations, no security of tenure, no regular and recognized system of promotion, and no pensions. All the appointments are made in the first instance by the President, and the men he appoints belong, as a rule, to his own party. When the other side comes in there is nothing to prevent a clean and world-wide sweep of every American representative, from the most-honored Ambassador down to the rawest Third Secretary. The niggardliness, moreover, with which America treats her Ambassadors is another obstacle. Their fixed and inclusive salary is £3,500 a year, and out of that they have to pay their own house rent as well as all private living expenses. The consequence is that diplomacy in America is regarded rather as a diversion than as a career, and that only men who can afford to dip heavily into their private purses think of pursuing it. There is, of course, a risk to be run if American Ambassadors were furnished in each capital with a permanent abode, and if their salaries were made commensurate with their unavoidable expenses. It is the risk

that the politicians might then find it worth while—financially worth while—to suggest themselves as fit and proper persons for the posts. But the risk, if it cannot be evaded, ought to be faced,

The Nation.

unless the present unsatisfactory and unequal system which can only produce good results in spite of itself, is to be continued indefinitely.

WOLSELEY.

The rare combination of qualities which produce the great leader of men in the field is seldom associated with administrative and organizing capacity of the very best order. Wolseley had both. Events move so quickly nowadays that the present generation hardly realizes how big Wolseley loomed over the second half of the Victorian era. In the estimate of the mob he may not latterly have been the greatest of our living soldiers, but in the opinion of all who really know, he is the greatest figure in our military history since the days of Wellington. This is easy of proof. Any man who to-day attempts to write the later history of our Army either from the campaigning or constitutional aspect will find before long that he is doing little else than writing a history of Wolseley. His name inevitably crops up at every turn. How essential he was to almost every undertaking which verged on a military character between 1870 and 1890 is shown by the bewildering series of offices he held during the period. After the Red River expedition, a triumph of organization and forethought, although on a small scale, he came to the War Office, and there exercised, for his rank, unprecedented influence on the course of events. The state of affairs in Ashanti soon demanded his attention; and, after the close of that campaign until he next saw active service some five years later, he was employed in diverse appointments of a semi-civil character in Cyprus, Natal, and the

Transvaal. Again while he was holding important posts at the War Office, it was found necessary to send him to the Zulu war, and to undertake the Egyptian and Soudan campaigns. The completeness, rapidity, and brilliancy with which he carried out the Red River, Ashanti, and Egyptian expeditions was such that the public hardly realized the difficulties which had to be overcome, and the military genius by which they were surmounted. It has been said that his preparations were so elaborate that their cost was excessive. But every day saved in war saves the expenditure of thousands. Like all really big men, he was not afraid to trust his subordinates, and thus he got the very best work out of them. The Duke of Connaught wrote home to Queen Victoria after Tel-el-Kebir: "He is the least fussy general I have ever served under."

He rose to the very top of his profession entirely through his own unaided efforts. He began life in the Army without the assistance of influential friends or wealth, or indeed anything or anyone to help him beyond himself; but, when he did rise to a position high enough to make his influence felt, he encountered considerable opposition amongst the older military officers of that day. No doubt, when he came upon the scene our Army was an antiquated institution; and Wolseley certainly had no reverence for antiquities unless they made for efficiency. He hated ineffi-

clency and the clinging to obsolete traditions, and no doubt he was not always quite tactful in giving his opinions. A man of remarkably quick grasp and foresight, he was at times throughout his whole career somewhat impatient of those slower-thinking mortals who could not see what to him was clear as daylight. It is a remarkable tribute to his force and activity that nearly all those who have held influential posts at the War Office, not previously much predisposed in his favor, have since come to realize that he was the big man of his day. Others floundered amongst difficulties. But when Wolseley touched them all the rough places seemed to become smooth. Of course his considerable share in inaugurating the territorial and short-service systems on their present bases made him unpopular at the time, and it is possible that he was wrong in underestimating the value of regimental tradition. But subsequent events have proved that the changes were necessary, and on the whole they have worked for good. He lived down this unpopularity in the Army, and eventually most men, from the Duke of Cambridge downwards, came to realize that he was simply an earnest, patriotic, far-seeing man, who worked solely for the good of the Army, and who never once had any thought for self. There can be no doubt that he introduced quite a new spirit into our Army and its officers. He caused it to be realized that the military profession was essentially a scientific one; and, although a profound student throughout his life of all that pertained to the military art, he never became a pedant, always remaining pre-eminently the active soldier. We have already alluded to the rapidity and brilliancy with which his campaigns were carried out, the course of which has been set forth so volu-

minously during the past few days that no further details are necessary here. But a few words must be added as to the Gordon Relief Expedition. Much controversy as to who was to blame for its failure has raged, and within the last few days it has been stated that Wolseley was to blame. But anyone who can blame Wolseley for the delays of hours and days in overcoming the difficulties of nature, as against the months of inactivity during which Gladstone refused to face the situation, must be either extremely ignorant or extremely malicious. This was the last time Wolseley appeared in the field. He then returned to the War Office; and for the next five years was engaged as Adjutant-General in making our Army better prepared for war, with results which became manifest when the South African Army was mobilized. It was not his fault that our Army was insufficient; but, both as Adjutant-General and as Commander-in-Chief, the best was made of the material at hand. After spending from 1890 to 1895, a comparatively quiet time for him, as Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, he returned to the War Office as the head of the Army.

Now began perhaps the most troublesome period of Wolseley's career. After the Duke of Cambridge's retirement in 1895 great changes in the importance and powers of the office were deemed necessary by the powers of the day. The concentration of military responsibility in the hands of the military chief was abolished; and thenceforward he only retained the general command of the Army and the general supervision of the military departments at the War Office. It is true that the Military Secretary's department, Intelligence, and Mobilization, remained under his direct control; but each of the heads of the other great departments was made directly

responsible to the War Secretary, and thus each had the direct ear of that official. The position was impossible, and was afterwards altered. Lord Roberts, the next Commander-in-Chief, was not put in the absurd position of a Commander-in-Chief bereft of all direct responsibility for the personnel, discipline, and training of the Army he was supposed to command. In the hands of such a man as Wolseley, however, these disadvantages might to a great extent have been minimized if tackled at the start. But it was unfortunate that very soon after taking office illness removed him from his work; and it is possible that he was never quite able to make up the leeway lost in consequence. It is unpleasant to remember old sores. But it must be admitted that things did not work smoothly. Wolseley was largely ignored by the political powers; whilst his advice, when asked, was not treated with the respect it demanded. When, after he had ceased to be Commander-in-Chief, he raised the whole question in the House of Lords, he had nothing to gain. His active career was over. He was only striving to gain something for the benefit of the nation, the Army, and his successor; and in his initial speech he carefully avoided all personalities. He was then most bitterly and unjustifiably attacked by Lord Lansdowne for all kinds of alleged laches, and for previously under-estimating the magnitude of the South African war, without being allowed access to documents which contained the material for his answer. He underrated

the Boer war! See the letter he wrote on 12 September 1899, a month before hostilities broke out. "If this war comes off," he says, "it will be the most serious war England has ever had"; and when the dark days of the black week did come Wolseley, by his cheery courage in deeply depressing circumstances, kept up the spirits of a trembling Ministry and saved national panic. It was proved by the report of the War Commission that those services directly under his control, Mobilization and Intelligence, performed their work marvellously well. The men were ready as soon as boats could be procured to carry them, and, had his advice been followed, preparations would have begun much earlier; whilst the Intelligence department, unreasonably smaller and less well equipped than it now is, produced a remarkably accurate forecast of what was to come. That there was a shortage of stores, equipment, armament, and ammunition could not be laid to Wolseley's account. It was the fault of successive Governments, Unionist and Liberal alike, which led to the dangerous situation which faced us before hostilities had long been progressing. This was a mean way to treat a great soldier at the close of a long career devoted single-heartedly to the service of the nation and the Army. Wolseley paid the price the really great man always pays. He told the truth when the truth was not palatable. He did not study observantly the powers that be; and the wonder is that, with his great qualities, he got the honor and the reward he did.

The Saturday Review.

THE ROMANOFF TERCENTENARY AND PHILATELY.

Of all the European monarchies, Germany and Greece are the only ones whose postage stamps do not bear the heads of their respective rulers. True, before the consolidation of the German Empire in 1871, the effigies of some of the Sovereigns of the lesser States appeared on the postal issues—as in the case of Prussia and Saxony and Hanover, and Bavaria still adheres to this, but the stamps of the German Empire, like those of Greece, have never followed the fashion prevailing now universally in Europe (Bulgaria in 1901, and Denmark in 1904, adopted it for the first time), and originally of course started by us on May 1, 1840. Till a month or so ago the largest of European countries also held aloof, and we are told that the reason for Russia's abstinence was because it was considered derogatory to the Tsar to have his head on either postage stamps or current coins.

The reason for the new departure which has recently been adopted is a notable one—no less indeed than the tercentenary of the Romanoff Dynasty. March 6 marks the beginning of the celebrations which are taking place in St. Petersburg in honor of this historic event, and there will be many who read the accounts of the rejoicings in the vast northern Empire who will cast their minds back over Russia's history for the last three hundred years, and will marvel at the changes which have occurred there since that March 6, 1613, when the first Romanoff was elected to fill that terror-haunted throne.

Before that period the history of the country is, at least to English people, rather vague. We know that it was called Russia, in the Bertinian annals, so early as 839; we know that Rurik at the head of the Varangians seized

Novgorod in 862; but the records are for many hundreds of years after this but chronicles of bloodshed and internecine warfare, in which one chief replaced another over various portions of that vast territory. The year 1066, so notable a one for us, was one which marked an attempted revolution—the rebellion of Ucheslaf against Isiaslaf I of Kief—in the north. But it would tax even a memory like that of Lord Macaulay (who, even he, we remember confessed to getting mixed among the Innocents of Rome!) to remember all the obscure rulers who guided, or tried to guide, the destinies of Russia in these early days. The Ivans begin in 1339, when the first of that name succeeded to the throne made vacant by the murder of a remote Alexander. From among the shadowy phantoms of those barbaric rulers the figure of Ivan IV emerges with something like clear outline. That remarkable man—a prey to vices of the worst description and at the same time curiously cultivated—was the first Tsar of All the Russias. Contemporary with our Elizabeth he is remembered as a friendly receiver of our countrymen, while among his own subjects he was a kind of Nero and Caligula rolled into one.

It is however with the accession of Mikhail Romanoff in 1613 that we are concerned, for he was the first of the dynasty which has remained master of the destinies of Russia ever since. It has been one of the claims of Philately that it teaches not only geography but also history, and the issue of these commemorative stamps will probably do as much as anything to make Russian history a little better known in this country than it has hitherto been. On the first value (1 kop.) appears the head of Peter I—the Great. And apart from his roughness, his occasional sav-

agery, his unnatural behavior to his son (almost recalling Ivan the Terrible's hideous crime), he *was* great. He raised his country from barbarism into something resembling a civilized monarchy; he taught it the art of war and the arts of peace; he busied himself over domestic reforms, and his famous sojourn in England had for its object the acquisition of knowledge which he absorbed in the interests of his own people. His personality is, in consequence of this visit and the many anecdotes associated with it, known better to us than is that of almost any other Russian Sovereign. His interest in the shipbuilding yards at Deptford, his gargantuan feasts on his way to Oxford (the bills of fare at Godalming are still preserved in the Bodleian), his destruction of Evelyn's hedges at Sayes Court, his drinking bouts (brandy and cayenne pepper were favorite stimulants) with Lord Carmarthen, his disdain of English society and his marked liking of William III (who must have been rather bored by so unconventional a guest): all these things are remembered in anecdote and story, and probably Peter showed the best side of his character when he wandered about in an unassuming manner among the people whose life and habits appealed so strongly to his hard-headed good sense.

On the 14-kop. stamp appears a profile of the great Catherine, whose vicious propensities and innumerable favorites have perhaps unduly obscured for us her undoubted excellences as a ruler. It is always difficult to judge the morality of one age by the standard of another, but greatness of character is for all time, and there is no doubt that Catherine well earned the epithet. Her anxiety to attract to her court the brightest intellects of the time is shown by her invitation to Diderot and the tempting offers she held out to our own sculptor, Banks. The wisdom of her public career was

only equalled by the profligacy of her private life; and although her example was devastating to all those who found in it an excuse for private frailties or a reason for royal advancement, there is no doubt that as a ruler she projected and carried into effect a policy which consolidated the work begun by the great Peter.

Another Russian Sovereign in our little picture gallery is Alexander I, who became Emperor on the assassination of his father Paul on March 24, 1801. The destinies of Alexander are closely interwoven with those of Napoleon. At one time a near, one might almost say a hypnotized, friend, of the Emperor, Alexander in time came to see his dominions overrun by the Corsican, and his capital in flames. Time's revenges brought about those dramatic changes however with which history has so largely concerned herself ever since; and the terrible retreat from Moscow was the beginning of the vengeance which was meted out to the usurper, of which the fatal field of Leipzig and the débâcle of Waterloo were the successive stages, and St. Helena the final retribution. Alexander died in 1825, and Nicholas I (whose head we find on the 15-kop. stamp) reigned in his stead. Nicholas is known to us chiefly as the ruler against whose forces we fought in the Crimea, and probably Tenniel's famous cartoon showing him lying in his tent with the ghastly hand of Death stretched over him will recall his personality better than anything that occurred during his thirty years' reign. He had boasted, it will be remembered, that he had two generals on whom he could rely with security—Generals January and February—and it was in the last days of February that he was stricken down; and so "General Février turned Traitor" has become one of the great cartoonist's most memorable productions. It was not merely the severity

of the season however which bowed the comely head (his fine face looks proudly from the stamp before us); disappointment and disillusion helped to lay it low. A still greater tragedy closed the life of his successor—the noble-minded Alexander II, and the blood of the mangled form which stained the snow of St. Petersburg on that awful day in the March of 1881 retarded reforms which but for this would have made glorious, as the emancipation of the serfs did, his reign. For in his desk lay the draft of the Constitution which Alexander II was about to grant to his people when the assassin's bomb tore his life from him. Can it be wondered at that his son rent the document in his rage, and ever lived with the awful shadow of anarchism brooding over him? The massive head of this son—Alexander III—is depicted on yet another of the stamps. He resumed in himself all the attributes of imperial power, and yet he dreaded his own shadow almost. The man shot down by the guard before his very feet (was it at Kelsoe-Salo?); the revolver whipped out and discharged with fatal accuracy at the figure behind him, only one of his faithful attendants but mistaken for a murderer; the long line of victims sent to the dreary wastes of

The Outlook.

Siberia; anonymous letters found in the very heart of his palace; is it to be wondered at that the man whose physical strength was phenomenal was yet so haunted with the ever present peril as to make his kingship a burden and a curse?

The present Tsar is shown on other stamps. But it is reported that these particular issues will not be retained, for we learn that the Holy Synod has protested against the obliteration or disfigurement of the imperial portrait, and therefore the Post Office has received orders to cease issuing these stamps.

Probably few of the present Tsar's predecessors have passed through such experiences as has he. We, looking at one time too much perhaps to a precedent, regarded the happenings in the Russia of yesterday as comparable with that vast upheaval in the France of a century and more ago, and anticipated a result not dissimilar. It only shows how little the character of the northern kingdom is realized, for Russia has passed through her ordeal not untouched certainly, but, we may hope, endowed with a purifying palingenesis, so that she can to-day celebrate in peace the tercentenary of a long and remarkable line of rulers.

E. Beresford Chancellor.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

In his drama, "The Necessary Evil," Charles Rann Kennedy treats of a subject which has of late been chosen as a theme by many novelists and dramatists, and under his pen it is elevated by the symbolism and mysticism so characteristic of "The Servant in the House." Evil and beauty of character are shown in high relief against a background of an ideal home. John Herron, a scholarly musician of blameless life, his young unworthy daughter, his son

who is typical of the average man, and a sorrowful, wandering woman are the only characters. The action is accompanied by music at frequent intervals. The beauty and delicacy of presentation make more endurable the terrible truths which the story would teach. Harper & Brothers.

Under the title "Serena and Samantha" Sherman, French and Co. have gathered a little collection of stories

by Rose Kellen Hallett which appeared one at a time in the *Youth's Companion* and familiarized a host of readers with the doings in the "Torbolton Home" for the aged. Serena and Samantha are room mates and the events of their lives, humorous and pathetic, give a picture of existence in this sort of a community. Perhaps it is a trifle idealized but it makes good reading, and the matron, the other old ladies, Miss Dodd's "Niece Lyddy from over to Holt" and Mrs. Wells' nephew Peter Rawdon grow to seem like old friends. The author is unusually successful in catching the point of view of old people in such circumstances, the tremendous significance which they attach to small events, their love of youth and small excitements. The book is written with a kindly humor.

Three stories of adventure in Southern waters and on South Sea islands comprise Joseph Conrad's latest work "Twixt Land and Sea." In each the author's masterly command of English, his descriptive power, and creative imagination are shown at their best. "The Smile of Fortune," which is the first story, is remarkable in imparting the sense of unreality and mystery which the hero experienced in his adventures with a sugar merchant and his strange, unaccountable daughter. "The Secret Sharer" tells of an escaped criminal who hides on board a vessel in the captain's own cabin, protected by the captain himself who is influenced by a remarkable feeling of identity with the outcast. Last, in "Freya of the Seven Isles," we have a tragic story of the wrecking of youth and happiness by an evil and unscrupulous Dutch trader who separates an English girl, dweller on an island in the possession of the Dutch, from her English lover. In the book is the very essence

of high adventure and romance with never a false or crudely melodramatic note. It is virile and artistic, and in every way up to the standard which Mr. Conrad has set for himself. George H. Doran Company.

The title of "The Harbor Master" suggests no story like the wild chronicle of wrecks and wrecking to which Mr. Theodore Goodridge Roberts has given it, and still less suggests such a central figure as Black Dennis Nolan, a villain as thorough-going as ever prospered by almost continuous infractions of the sixth and eighth commandments. Yet Dennis conceives of himself as a large minded and public spirited citizen, the architect of his own fortunes and of those of Chance Along his poverty-stricken native hamlet, ruled by him with fist and booted foot, and such rude weapons as luck brings to his hand, and warmed, fed, and clothed by his ingenious methods of treating distressed vessels and their crews. To expound these methods would be equally unfair to Mr. Roberts and to his readers, but they are striking and clever, and Black Dennis is almost diabolical in his energy. His sins find him out at last, he is stripped of the greater part of his ill-gotten gains, and loses the bride for whose sake he has risked both body and soul, but, when his desperately pursued fortunes are at the lowest ebb, Mr. Roberts relents, and grants him a better fate than he deserves. He is left in comfort and happiness, with a fair prospect of dying respected, among comrades and friends quite cured of the mad desire for unearned riches with which he inoculated both them and himself. Chance Along and Dennis are worthy of one another and if the ethics of both leave something to be desired they are at least never dull. L. C. Page & Co.